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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1861.

## LITERATURE

*Memoirs and Correspondence of King Jerome and Queen Catherine*.—[*Mémoires et Correspondance du Roi Jérôme et de la Reine Catherine*. Première Partie]. (Paris, Dentu.)

RECENT French trials have given to the early days of King Jerome the interest of romance. Jerome was a naughty boy, and his naughtiness led him into scrapes which had their comic and their tragic sides. The law courts of his nephew have, indeed, been very kind to him, and very hard upon the beautiful young lady whom he betrayed and abandoned; but opinion in Europe is not yet governed by the Code Napoléon; and hence appears to have arisen a necessity for some further literary defence of Jerome's conduct, and especially of his engagement with Elizabeth Patterson. It would almost seem as if M. Alexandre Dumas had been selected for this delicate work. The success is not great. All the Chinese puzzles ever invented, all the hard riddles offered under penalties by the Sphinx, all the hard tasks laid upon victims in fairy tales or out of them, were easy matters compared to the difficulty of transforming King Jerome into a hero. In fact, the task is no less than to make something out of nothing:—*où il n'y a rien le roi perd ses droits*.

In the beginning Jerome is presented, in the Dumas fashion, as a student, at the College of Juilly—a spoiled, noisy, troublesome boy, whose escapades are told in the delicate paraphrases to which the French language lends itself so blandly that a foreigner might imagine the chief end for which it was created was to colour and soften ugly facts with its delicately-tinted epithets. The art of dress is as much shown in the French language as in the French fashions. "Endowed with an agreeable, elegant and admirable appearance, full of impetuosity, Jerome at fifteen was the spoiled child of the First Consul, whose paternal watchfulness was defeated more than once by the unconsidered acts of this ardent and decided nature."

The "ardent and decided nature" exhibited itself in the ways by which prodigal sons have distinguished themselves from time immemorial; an unlimited faculty for spending money, getting into debt and disgrace, varied in Jerome's case by an occasional duel, the folly of which was only to be equalled by its ferocity. The English reader will find as much difficulty in understanding the author's account of the political events of the period as if they were "wars in Flanders." But, as all the political events are made subservient to the hero, and serve only as a background and *mise-en-scène* for Jerome, to enable him to assume a *pose*, the historical unities are not of much importance; they bear as much resemblance to actual facts as the cannon's smoke and dead soldiers represent the battle raging behind the Marquis of Granby on a village sign-post. Jerome was sent to join the French fleet about to sail under Admiral Gauteaume. Jerome was on board the Indivisible. The fleet sailed about for some time up and down in the Mediterranean, without doing anything particular, except allowing some of their vessels to be captured. Frenchmen are not in the least amphibious, and the author's maritime facts are very hazy. The French fleet sails, in these pages, hither and thither; and the reader will be as perplexed as Nelson if he struggles to understand what they are about.

Jerome saw his first battle, and was rewarded by being sent home on board the prize Swiftsure, an English vessel captured and brought

home in pomp; and on his arrival he received commendation, and the commission of an aspirant of the first-class. Napoleon, however, wrote a significant letter to his brother, expressing a hope that he would give his whole mind to learn his profession; that he would go aloft, learn the different parts of a ship, and suffer no one else to do his work. He expresses a hope that Jerome, *in time*, will become "*aussi agile qu'un bon mousse*."

Jerome assisted at the *fêtes* given to celebrate the brief peace, or rather armistice, which occurred as a lull in the great war. The "*état incomparable*" which, according to the author, these rejoicings shed upon the name of Bonaparte, and the "*scènes magiques*" which Paris presented to the whole world (for Paris has always understood the art of getting up *spectacles*), completely turned the head of Jerome; he was the fly on the chariot-wheel in all his glory: "*le trait dominant de son caractère, le sentiment profond de sa dignité personnelle*" received a great accession of force. But before it had time to come to its full growth, Napoleon sent him once more to sea. This time it was the expedition to St. Domingo. The wretched story has been often told; it receives no fresh illustration in these pages; it only becomes more confused in blood, and smoke, and horror. Jerome was again allowed to come home with despatches; and the reader will smile at the tone of delicate deprecation with which the author hints that Jerome got into all the mischief possible during the month he remained at Paris. Napoleon sent him to sea again at the end of a month, but Jerome contrived means to remain at Nantes, and to amuse himself for two months, and when, at length, he tardily embarked, a convenient storm drove him back to port. The difficulty of getting Jerome afloat was like that of launching the Great Eastern. At length he sailed, and arrived at Martinique; where, utterly incompetent, and caring nothing for his profession, he was made captain of the brig Epervier. He had an attack of yellow fever, which gave him a final disgust for the hardships of a sailor's life, and he expressed a very distinct desire to give up his commission and get rid of the whole concern, which the stony-hearted admiral refused to grant. It was, however, evident that Jerome was unfit to be intrusted with the destinies of a herring-boat. Under his command the Epervier was in the most miserable state; betwixt the sickness and the desertion of the men, it needed to be entirely refitted. Jerome was recalled to France, but, with his usual self-will, he had now no inclination to go; he was amusing himself at Martinique, where he found a childish pleasure in being treated "with the distinction due to the brother of the First Consul." He was the torment of his admiral, Villaret Joyeuse, who only desired to get him safely off. At last, after repeated orders, he sailed; but scarcely had he left the shore than he contrived seriously to insult an English man-of-war out of pure insolence and heedlessness. Alarmed, however, at the possible consequences of what he had done, Jerome returned to Martinique; and the admiral, who believed him well on his voyage, had the vexation to see him come back with a folly on his hands which was likely to have serious consequences.

Not in the slightest degree abashed, Jerome was glad of anything that sent him on shore. He hated responsibility, but he delighted in receiving the official demonstration of respect due to him as commander of a vessel of war and brother to the First Consul. He was enchanted when the Governor of Martinique

received him with all the garrison turned out under arms. Jerome was a *parvenu* to the backbone, and his vulgarity was engrained. To appear in a state carriage, to receive attentions from high personages, to be flattered, to spend unlimited pocket-money, to have nothing to do but to go to *fêtes* and public amusements,—these were his notions of royal felicity. The author does not narrate one single trait of youthful generosity, or manly ambition, or rational common sense. Jerome had the unmitigated selfishness of a prince of the days of the "right divine of kings to govern wrong;" but he entirely lacked the royal grace and princely manner with which kings who have left but a sorry name in history conciliated, personally, the good will, and propitiated the patience of their subjects.

Jerome cared nothing for the opportunities offered to him of obtaining distinction; the duties of his profession were a weariness to him; he even wished, as we have seen, to give up the command of his vessel—because it entailed duties. The admiral, exasperated at Jerome's stupid discourtesy to the English flag, ordered him to return at once to France. War was on the point of breaking out, but the peace, though strained to extremity, had not actually been yet broken, and the French admiral did not want to get into a quarrel. Jerome, fertile in expedients for avoiding what he disliked, wrote back excuses, and delayed his departure till it became impossible. The admiral, at his wits' end, and anxious to be quit of him at any rate, yet fearful of his being made prisoner, gave him permission to go to America. Jerome asked nothing better; and to America he went. The biographer, previous to naming the spot where Jerome landed, proceeds to give a description of the attitude assumed by his hero. He says:—

Jerome had scarcely set foot in the American territory than he began to give himself the privileges, manners, and airs of a prince, tempered only by the incognito which he at first assumed. As to his opinions and his conduct, he set them resolutely above all remonstrances and censure from any quarter whatever: *L'audace et toujours de l'audace*.

Jerome, it must be owned, had that quality for success in perfection. The point at which Jerome landed in the "Etats Unis" was Norfolk, in Virginia; he was accompanied by three companions, whom he called "his suite." He repaired to Washington, and announced to the French consul that he must find the means to convey him and his *suite* to France—a matter by no means easy, seeing that by that time war had been declared between England and France; English vessels were on the watch to do all the harm they could to French ships, and intrinsically worthless as was Jerome in himself, still, as brother to the First Consul, he would have been a prisoner worth making. The poor French consul, Pichon by name, with a vivid prevision of all the difficulties about to encompass him, made an effort to get Jerome off before his presence became known. He plaintively entreated him to guard a strict incognito. Jerome promised; but, with his vanity, was quite unable to keep the promise. He went to Baltimore whilst the consul endeavoured to make his arrangements, and, at the end of three days, everybody in the city knew that the vain-glorious and flashy young Frenchman was no less than brother to the First Consul of France.

"Les Etats Unis" were enchanted to find that such a celebrity had come to visit them, and hastened to offer the homage that was dear to Jerome's heart; they took him at his own valuation. Jerome was flattered and

fled to the top of his bent; and he took it all as a just tribute to his merits. One incident deserves special mention: the hotel-keeper at Washington, whose name was Barney or Barnum, saw at a glance all the capital that might be made out of Jerome; and he took entire possession of him, followed him, flattered him, and showed him off everywhere. The coincidence of name and nature is curious. Jerome lent himself to his tactics, considering him only as an humble satellite. Barnum's reputation was not good, and the French consul Pichon felt it his duty to warn Jerome against his unbecoming intimacy with this man, a counsel which Jerome highly resented, haughtily desiring Pichon to mind his own business, as he, Jerome, was capable of taking care of himself! Pichon *se tint pour dit*, and could only put up his prayers that he might be speedily delivered from the presence of so troublesome a charge, for whose safety he was responsible, and over whom he had no control. All Baltimore was in a state of excitement; all the pomps and vanities that money and enthusiasm could procure were lavished on Jerome, and he enjoyed his position. There were difficulties in the way of obtaining a passage for Jerome in an American vessel, difficulties which Jerome was more inclined to enhance than to obviate; he was, for the first time in his life, entirely his own master, and he was in no haste to return to France, to the subjection of his brother, whose reproofs he was conscious of deserving, and quite certain of receiving. He gave himself up to all the gaieties of the season, obtaining, from time to time, a little money from Pichon; but as all Baltimore only asked for the honour of giving him unlimited credit, it may be conceived

How happily the days of Thalaba went by.

Amongst the belles of Baltimore, a certain Miss Patterson reigned supreme. She was extremely beautiful, as all contemporary testimony declares; she was agreeable, witty, clever, and ambitious;—in short, Miss "Betsy Patterson," as the biographer calls her, was fully aware of her own charms, and determined to draw a good result from them,—she loved admiration, and she desired to obtain a position of distinction. Her character was not unlike Jerome's, in her love for all the vanities of life; but she was beyond measure his superior in energy, sense and spirit. She was very vain, and very fond of admiration, of which she received enough to turn a reasonable woman's head. She desired to shine in a wider horizon. Jerome was the brother of the hero who was master of the Tuileries, and who could, when he pleased, inhabit Versailles. To go to Paris, to have apartments in a palace, to set French fashions and enjoy the delights of unlimited milliners' bills, was a prospect well calculated to dazzle a young girl. Miss Betsy was "beautiful exceedingly," her worst enemies never accused her of being otherwise; with all her vanity "she was a woman of the strictest principle"; her father was a rich merchant, well known and well respected; all her family belonged to that *quasi-American* aristocracy "the upper ten thousand," though it had not then received that compendious name.

In birth, parentage, fortune and education she was Jerome's equal,—in intellect and character she was his superior; but then she had no brother of genius capable of raising his family out of the middle class into the ranks of a reigning dynasty. Napoleon had already risen so high as to make it a dazzling honour to any not born to royal legitimacy to be connected with him; he might soar still higher, but his balloon had not yet passed out of bail, nor quite out of the reach of those still standing on their natural level;—there was yet one b.ief

moment, when a fortunate and audacious spring might take the aspirant into the ascending car, or, failing, break his neck. Jerome at Baltimore was in the zenith of a vulgar success; all the distinction that Baltimore could offer was given to him;—he was young, lively, tolerably good looking, and well endowed with the quality for which the Puritan divine once innocently prayed, as a crowning grace, "a good conceit of himself." If "Miss Betsy" had any female susceptibility she might be excused if she fell in love with the hero of so much homage from those who made up the whole of her world. Falling in love with a popular hero or a popular clergyman is as much of an epidemic as hysterics among a parcel of school girls. Nothing but the spirit of contradiction and a great deal of good sense can resist the force of example. Jerome fell violently in love with "Miss Betsy," and proposed marriage; she accepted the offer, which made her the envy of all the women in Baltimore. Mr. Patterson, the father, in consideration of the connexion, was willing to overlook Jerome's want of actual fortune, and gave his consent. The Spanish ambassador and the Barnum before mentioned, were Jerome's confederates in the affair; both of them were amiably anxious to promote his views and prevent his thinking of difficulties.

Pichon had been in great perplexity and trouble of mind ever since destiny had sent Jerome to take refuge in America. Pichon's only aspiration was to keep Jerome quiet and to get him safely away. It was hopeless to try to make Jerome quiet, he was bent on producing himself in the most flagrant splendour at every moment, assuming the nonchalant dignity of a Prince in disguise, spending money and ordering about as though he had been the last incarnation of "My Lord Marquis of Carabas." To get him away in safety, even if he would have consented to go, was a matter of great difficulty; for English frigates, quite aware of his presence, were hovering about the coast, on the watch for every French vessel which attempted to leave port. The American Government could not, without violating its neutrality, give a passage to Jerome in one of their own vessels, nor in any case do more than shut their eyes. Jerome, who was a caricature of his brother, possessing all the Bonaparte imperiousness of will, though it was never shown except in matters which touched his own inclination, had declared that nothing should induce him to go back to France in any vessel of less dignity than a man-of-war. Pichon did his best; he got a small armed brig, called *Le Clothier*, ready for sea. A fortunate moment offered for her to get away: Pichon entreated Jerome to embark without delay. But Jerome, who by this time was over head and ears in love, and had matrimonial intentions, declined the invitation to repair on board *Le Clothier*, but he wrote despatches to his brother, which he sent by the vessel, announcing his own intention to remain in America until he should receive a reply to them! Pichon was driven to the verge of madness and grey hairs, though the author tells us that he felt a secret pride to see the ease and dignity with which Jerome represented France. Jerome Bonaparte must have been the original from whom Alexandre Dumas has drawn his heroes.

On the occasion of a visit Jerome paid to Washington, the President Jefferson invited him to a grand dinner. Jerome, who took all marks of attention as his due, treated the American President with dignified affability, and charmed the company with his conversation. The next morning, as he was stepping into his carriage to return to Baltimore, he turned to

Pichon, who stood by, and said, with serene negligence, "It is my intention to be married on the 7th of November next, at Baltimore, to Miss Patterson. I invite you and Madame Pichon to be present on the occasion." Having launched this thunderbolt, he drove away. It required a day and night for poor Pichon to recover his scattered senses. It was now the 28th of October—the Consul-General could do nothing but protest. He wrote three letters—one to Jerome, one to Mr. Patterson, and one to the consul in Baltimore, declaring that by the French Code any marriage contracted by a French subject under the age of twenty-five, without the consent of parents and guardians, was null in France. On the receipt of these letters Jerome was furious, and uttered invectives against Pichon; but papa Patterson was dignified: he broke off the match, and sent his daughter away from home. Jerome was apparently brought to reason by Mr. Patterson's representations; he offered an apology to Pichon for the unparliamentary language he had used towards him in the heat of his displeasure; he professed to see his error, laid all the blame upon the undue influence which had been brought to bear upon him, and especially accused the false counsels of the Spanish ambassador, Mr. Barnum, and a certain General Smith. Jerome even condescended to beg Pichon *not to mention the affair* when he wrote home. Pichon ought to have mistrusted this sudden submission; but he was flattered at the success of his eloquence; and he wrote to Talleyrand a self-glorifying despatch about his own promptness, decision and success. Jerome set out on a tour to dissipate his chagrin. Pichon renewed his efforts to persuade him to leave America; but in vain. Admiral Willaumez sent official orders to him to depart; but Jerome only repeated his intention to await the answer from his brother to his despatches. They could not bring their horse to the water, much less make him drink.

Jerome went on his tour. New York received him with demonstrations of ardent admiration, and gave him *fêtes*, and balls, and entertainments to his heart's content. For three weeks Pichon's heart remained at ease; but on the 25th of December, 1803, he received a brief official announcement that Jerome had been married to Miss Patterson on the previous evening as fast as the Church and the paternal benediction could unite them! They were man and wife by all that was sacred and indissoluble. Bishop Carroll, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Baltimore, performed the ceremony. Joined to the announcement of his marriage was a notification that Jerome wanted money, which Pichon was to furnish immediately.

All things to God are possible save one—  
That to undo which is already done.

The marriage was regular and legal in every particular; and Miss Betsy Patterson was, as far as rites and ceremonies could make her, the lawful wife of Jerome Bonaparte, and qualified to share all the honours of his rising star. Jerome had a shrewd notion of the manner in which the news would be received at home; and, with characteristic dislike to everything unpleasant, he left the task of announcing it to Pichon and Admiral Willaumez.

The French Consul thought it his duty to make the best of an accomplished fact, and made a merit of effacing the memory of his opposition by treating Madame Jerome with every formality of official respect. Without troubling themselves about any evil day that might be in store for them, the newly-married pair proceeded to enter into "all the gaieties of the season" at Baltimore. American society felt flattered at the choice of Jerome; and



made an apotheosis of both bride and bridegroom. Nothing but the splendours of the last scene of a pantomime could express the glitter and glory that surrounded them, although the smell of brimstone, and the danger from rockets and red-fire, were unpleasantly apparent through all. What would the First Consul say? Nevertheless, France was a long way off, and they could not hear what was said for a long time.

On the 18th of May the news came that Napoleon had been declared Emperor. Madame Jerome was possibly a Princess! From the moment Jerome heard of his brother's elevation, he began to be as restlessly impatient to get back to France as he had hitherto been obstinate to remain. He was, however, afraid to face his brother; and he had passed his word to the Pattersons that he would not leave America until his marriage had been recognized. Papa Patterson promised that when the time arrived for his departure he would show that he was not a father-in-law to be despised, by sending Jerome and his wife to Europe in a vessel of his own, and in a style befitting his rank; but Jerome's desire to remain in America had waned: he wanted to go and share his brother's grandeur in Paris, and be a real prince of the blood.

Napoleon's reply to the announcement of his brother's marriage had not yet been received in America. Napoleon had been First Consul when the news reached him—he was Emperor when he replied on the 9th of June, 1804. He entirely declined to recognize the marriage, taking his stand on the then recent law of the “year xi—12th of the month Pluviose,” which in the language of mortals signified the 13th of February, 1803; prohibiting French subjects under the age of twenty-five to contract marriage without the consent of parents or guardians. The orders to Pichon and all French officials were short, sharp, and decisive. Madame Jerome Bonaparte was recognized as Jerome's mistress, and as such was not to be treated with any marks of respect; and French vessels were forbidden to afford her a passage; if she attempted to enter France with Jerome, orders were given that she should be arrested and conveyed back to America. As to Jerome himself, he was ordered to return home immediately. A pension was offered to Miss Patterson of sixty thousand francs a year, on condition that she never assumed the name of Bonaparte or molested Jerome.

If taking matters with a high hand could have overcome difficulties, Napoleon would have borne them down. Except the local enactment, which only held good in France and only regarded French subjects,—the law of marriage as recognized not only by the Catholic Church, but by the consent of Christendom, made the marriage contracted at Baltimore by Jerome and Miss Patterson valid in every respect,—as valid as the canons of the Church could make it. It remained to be seen whether the will of the Emperor or the decree of the Church were the stronger. If Jerome could only be firm, the marriage must hold good—recognition or no recognition.

But Jerome could be true to nothing, except his own inclination. He was not a worse man than Napoleon, but he was a Fool,—a fool who could see nothing, feel nothing, care for nothing beyond the gratification of the whim of the moment. All that he inherited of the strong inflexible Bonaparte will was concentrated in the gratification of his own vanity and his own sensuality. He had had his whim pretty well out in regard to Miss Patterson—he had married her in spite of opposition, but he had been married to her for six months past. To go back to France at any risk, to

be the “brother of the Emperor,” was the idea that now possessed him. His wife was becoming a clog and an incumbrance. He had, however, to deal with a father-in-law who was as determined in his way as Napoleon. Jerome found that he would not be allowed to leave America without taking his wife with him. No French vessel dared to give her a passage; but papa Patterson chartered at his own expense a fine vessel called the Philadelphia, on board of which, Jerome, his wife, and her relative Miss Spear, embarked, with the greatest secrecy.

But, as the old ballad sings:—

They scarce had sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
When dark dark grew the foaming sea.

—In plain prose, they encountered a heavy gale and were shipwrecked, the passengers escaping, though much of the baggage and all Jerome's money were lost. If the case had been reversed, and Jerome had sunk to the bottom of the sea instead of his effects, it would have been a solution that would not have called forth tears. The unhappy Pichon, for whose sins Jerome had surely been sent to America, had only just heard authentic tidings of his departure, when he was thrown back into all his troubles by the news of his shipwreck and—escape! His troubles, however, drew near their end; for Jerome was now quite as impatient to depart as Pichon could be to get rid of him. He made another effort to obtain the dignity of returning in a vessel of war, as became a new-made prince of the blood of the Emperor, but inexorable fate and the strict watch kept by English vessels made this impossible. He did at last what he might have done at first,—with the consent of his father-in-law, he took a passage in an American merchant vessel, bound for Portugal, and embarked with his wife and secretary. The vessel arrived quite safely at Lisbon. The French Consul refused a passport to Madame Jerome, and wrote to Paris to announce what he had done.

Jerome had shown some skill in the art of tormenting consuls, and he had never submitted to any reasoning or representation which led contrary to his inclinations. No considerations had withheld him from making Miss Patterson his wife on the 25th of December 1803, and no considerations of his duty as a husband or the common considerations of humanity towards a woman about to become the mother of his child, withheld him from abandoning her, in a strange country, where she had neither friends nor relatives, where her position was more than equivocal, and where if she were not in want of the necessities of life, it was no thanks to Jerome, who made no provision for the protection or support of an extremely beautiful woman of seventeen whose physical condition rendered a return to her own country and her father's house impossible. He left her almost immediately on arriving at Lisbon, professedly to throw himself at his brother's feet and prevail upon him to forgive the marriage. His subsequent conduct proves that he never had any intention to embarrass himself further with her whom he had married; he showed himself as self-willed and inconsequent in running away from difficulties as he had been in running into them.

Jerome set off in hot haste to present himself before his brother, who was at Turin. For eleven days he was kept waiting for an interview; during this time he wrote a letter of abject submission, consenting to be governed in all things by the will of the Emperor, and to recognize his own marriage as absolutely null, not even requiring to be dissolved. Napoleon wrote an order to Jerome, that he himself

should announce to his wife that he had of his own free will recognized that his marriage was and had been null from the beginning.

In return for this unqualified submission, Jerome was graciously pardoned and restored to his brother's favour. Jerome's consent once given, all manner of official acts and declarations were set forth to show how entirely null the marriage had always been, and the offspring illegitimate beyond redemption.

France was not all the world; and the Imperial decrees, although they deprived Madame Jerome of all the advantages she had hoped for from her connexion with the Bonaparte family, neither reduced her to obscurity nor tarnished her name. The Pope declared the marriage binding beyond his power to annul it; and the rest of Europe recognized in Madame Jerome the victim of arbitrary power.

She and her husband never met again after they parted at Lisbon, less than seven months after their marriage. She went to England, where she was received with much kindness and sympathy, and in England her son was born, whom she had baptized as Jerome Bonaparte. She afterwards returned to America. That her conduct and character were always above the power of scandal to impugn, was no thanks to Jerome,—a weaker woman or a less worldly one would have been entirely crushed by such treatment as she had received. Madame Jerome was equal to her situation: she would doubtless have made quite as good a princess as any of the temporary royalties Napoleon loved to create, as though they had been the flowers and garlands of his more solid efforts of power; but, apart from this mortification, she made all the gain possible out of her position. She accepted the handsome pension allotted to her by the Emperor, and lived in such amicable relations with the family, as to give a great colour of probability to her present claim on the estate of Prince Jerome. The loss of such a husband could be nothing but a gain to her. She seems to have been a woman who, like Bussy Rabutin, *n'aimait que le solide*. A very proud sensitive woman would have refused to accept the Emperor's pension; but she judged it best to take it. Poverty was not added to her other vexations. As for Jerome, he was through life a fool and a poltroon. The fine epithets and sentimental phraseology in which the courtly editor of these Memoirs dresses his conduct does not disguise the very ugly look of his actions, both public and private. On his submission Napoleon sent him once more to sea, and there he distinguished himself by his entire inability either to obey or to command. He was the torment of his admiral, as he had been of the Consul Pichon.

*Cavour: a Memoir.* By Edward Dicey. (Macmillan & Co.)

Mr. Dicey, who has lived in Italy, and has had opportunities of talking to the friends of Count Cavour, has in this little volume produced a brief and connected story of that statesman's life. It is not very full, and it does not pretend to much novelty. “It is a Memoir, not a life—a chapter, and not a history,” says its author. The work is full of admiration, if rather barren in facts. The materials, we are told, have been drawn from public rather than private sources—that is, they have been drawn from books, from speeches, from reviews. The memoir of Cavour, which appeared in the *Athenæum* soon after his death, has been, we find, useful to Mr. Dicey, though he does not say so. Signor Bonghi's little book has been appropriated bodily, and we trace the *debris* of articles in the French newspapers, also in every case

without the customary signs of conveyance. Mr. Dicey seems to have thought the acknowledgment of these trifles needless. Perhaps he is right; at least his labour is what it professes to be—and that is the first condition of an honest book. Many persons will be glad to read the tale here pleasantly and accurately told.

Having so very recently gone over the whole ground of Cavour's career and character, we shall not follow Mr. Dicey step by step. We content ourselves with quoting from his narrative a personal anecdote here and there; and should the reader find that he has met with any of these stories before, it will only prove that he and Mr. Dicey have studied at a common source.

Here is Cavour as a boy:—

"Cavour, child as he was, had nothing of the courtier about him, and in a very short time he was sent back to the academy, as unfit for the honours of pageship. There is a story told that, when he heard of his dismissal, the child's remark was, that 'he was glad he had thrown off his pack-saddle.' It is told in all memoirs, and I can only say of it that it is '*ben trovato*.' It is common enough, to meet with great men, of whom in their school days their companions thought nothing; it is still more common to find children, whom their masters and schoolfellows think destined to great things, and who turn out commonplace mortals afterwards; but it is rare indeed, to find a great man, whose talent was recognized from the earliest age. Happily, precocious infants are things unknown in Italy, so that there are no fabulous legends circulated of Cavour's childish sayings; but I have heard from men who were at school with him that, when a mere boy, he excited their attention, young as they themselves were then. He was good-humoured, popular enough, and '*bon enfant*;' but he never played, never joined in boyish games and never seemed to work; he was always reading, not works of fiction, but papers, political treatises and histories. He paid no particular attention to his lessons, and troubled himself very little about them; but when the examinations came round, he appeared to grasp all he was required to learn without an effort, and surpassed his competitors easily. He passed his various examinations with such distinction, that his commission was given him at sixteen, and he was allowed to enter the army at eighteen, though twenty was the earliest age fixed by the regulations."

Here is an early Austrian impression of Cavour:—

"There is an incident worth mentioning in connexion with the commencement of his journey. Somehow or other the Austrian authorities received intelligence that the young Count was likely to visit the Lombard provinces, and thereupon, Count Torresani, who was then Director-General of Police at Milan, issued the following instructions to the officials at the frontier:—

"Milan, May 15, 1833.

"A young Piedmontese nobleman, Camillo di Cavour, is about to set out on his travels. He was formerly an officer in the Engineers, and, in spite of his youth, is already deeply corrupted in his political principles. I lose no time in giving this intelligence to the Commissioners of Police, with instructions, not to permit the entrance of the person in question, if he should present himself at our frontiers, unless his passport is perfectly *en règle*, and, even in this case, only after the most rigorous investigation into his clothes and luggage, as I have reason to suspect he may be the bearer of dangerous documents."

—Even the police, it seems, are sometimes right in their suspicions!"

Cavour as a political student:—

"I have talked to friends of Cavour's who knew him well, and they could tell me little more than this, that there was nothing much to tell. The truth is, that at no period of his life had Cavour friends, with whom he was on terms of real intimacy. He was friendly in disposition, kind-hearted,

sociable. Up to a certain point, it was easy to become intimate with him, but beyond that point there was no advancing; and so, even those who knew him best cannot say much about how he lived during his absence from home, beyond that he lived much as other young men in his position did. He resided for a long time in France, and a good deal in Switzerland. His visits to England were never of long duration, and his knowledge of English life and feeling was rather derived from reading than from personal observation. He was a great English reader at all times, not so much of our standard classics as of contemporary political literature. To the end of his life he took in and read the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, and the *Economist*, to which latter paper he was especially partial. He studied, too, for some time, though how long I have been unable to learn, at Edinburgh and at Geneva. Those countries, where he found freedom and progress, were the lands of his predilection, and beyond them, he hardly extended his wanderings. Subsequent events showed that at this time he studied the character, the literature, and the government, of the countries he dwelt in, very carefully, and very deeply; but at the time, I doubt whether his casual acquaintances were much aware of his studies."

Cavour's belief in his own capacities:—

"When quite a young man he carried on a correspondence with the Marchioness Barollo, who returned him his letters many years afterwards. Among them was one written, when Cavour was only twenty-four, in reply to the Marchioness's condolences on his disgrace at court, and in it were these words:—'I am very grateful, Madame, to you, for the interest you are kind enough to take in my misfortunes; but I can assure you I shall make my way ("*ferai ma carrière*") notwithstanding. I own that I am ambitious—enormously ambitious—and when I am minister, I hope I shall justify my ambition. In my dreams, I see myself already minister of the kingdom of Italy.'—Many young men have had, perhaps, dreams as wild as this; and I own that the second incident I have to relate, though less striking, impresses me more. Cavour's aunt, of whom I have spoken already, the Duchess of Clermont-Tonnerre, had large estates, chiefly of forest land in the Ardennes, which were badly managed and brought in much less than they ought to have done. Cavour heard of this during his absence from home, and requested the Duchess to give him permission to undertake the management of her estates. His request was granted, and for nearly two years Cavour lived upon this out-of-the-way property, managing it himself, until he had doubled both the value of the estate and its rental."

Cavour's love of dice and cards:—

"The only passion he ever showed, then or at other times, a leaning for, was a love of gambling. On one occasion, I have been told, he had incurred gaming debts to the amount of 8,000*l.*, which the Marquis, his father, paid out of his future share in the property; the payment was, however, accompanied by a declaration, that no further debts he might incur would be paid from the same source. Thereupon Cavour, with that moderation which was always characteristic of him, instead of leaving off gambling and refusing to touch a card again, simply reduced his stakes, but continued playing as before. Till within the last few years of his life, when his occupations became overpowering, Cavour was a frequent visitor at the Turin Whist Club, and was reckoned the first whist-player in the '*Cercle*.' On one of his later visits to France, after he became minister, he was asked to play with M. de Rothschild at Paris, at 1,000 francs points, and rose from the table a winner of 150,000 francs. But with him even gambling was a taste, not a passion. His one passion in the world was for public life."

A more delicate subject—the domestic life of his hero—is dismissed by Mr. Dicey with these observations and reflections:—

"There are some men, whose private and political relations are so interwoven, that you cannot separate them. You could not write a life of

Antony without alluding to Cleopatra, or describe Fox without touching on his wild midnight orgies, or even, to come nearer to my subject, draw a true character of Victor Emmanuel without referring to the *Chronique Scandaleuse* of the city of Turin. But with Cavour, whatever relations of this nature he may have had, were a mere accident, not a vital element, in his career; and with this much of mention, I think I may fairly pass the subject by. I am not writing a moral treatise—I am not describing an ideal character—I am seeking to make known a real man. Characters of his stamp are rare at all times, and impossible almost, except in a state of society like that of Italy at the present day. There (I am speaking rather of the time when Cavour entered life than of the present) religion had no hold on educated men—the sanctity of home and family were ideas hardly comprehended or comprehensible—the health-giving, public life of ours, worthy of a man's best efforts, did not and could not exist. There was no room there for the deep religious aspirations, the sacred home affections, the strong sense of public duty, which were to be found in happier lands. All that was left of good, and great, and noble, and godlike in Italy, was contained and embodied in the one passionate desire for freedom. To make Italy free was the one thing useful; and to labour in behalf of Italy was the whole duty of man. There have been higher creeds, doubtless, in the world, but there have been many lower also. Cavour, like all men who are born to rule their fellow-men, was eminently of his own time and of his own country. His genius was, above all, a material one. Abstract speculations, which led to no tangible result, had no attraction for him; ideal schemes, which could not be reduced into practice, were distasteful to him. His desires and plans and faith were all bounded by what was practicable, possible and realizable. His genius consisted in the power of perceiving at once what was possible, and reducing the possibility into a reality. Very early in his career he saw that it was possible to free Italy, and to that task he devoted his energies and life. The accomplishment of his great work was not only his ambition, but his faith and religion also. About other matters he troubled himself little. There is no evidence that he was sceptical in his religious creed, there is as little that he devoted much thought to it. In his domestic relations, as a childless and wealthy bachelor, he was neither less nor more moral than the men amongst whom he moved. He lived for one object only, and having achieved it—died."

Cavour in private life:—

"True, too, to his Piedmontese nature, the private life of Cavour was a very simple and unpretending one. He rose between four and five, had audiences chiefly on matters connected with his private property till six, breakfasted very lightly, according to Italian fashion, and then, with the interval of half-an-hour's walk in the middle of the day, worked till the Chambers met. He dined late, after the Chambers were over, and almost always, except on the rare occasions when he gave state dinners, alone with his brother. When dinner was over he smoked a cigar, sitting in summer-time on his balcony, where the citizens of Turin used to come and look at 'the Count,' as they were wont to call him; then slept for half-an-hour, and worked again till he went to bed at midnight. His amusements were few and simple. He would drive out at times with his brother in a little pony carriage, known to all Turin. When he was dead tired he went to the theatre, and generally fell asleep there; and, in truth, what he seemed to enjoy most was going over, whenever he could spare time, to his own estates at Leri, or to his brother's property at Santena, and there strolling about the fields, talking with the farmers, and watching the progress of his agricultural experiments. His was a rich genial nature, which took interest in everything and everybody that he came across; and so all persons, who had to do with him in private life, became fond of him, not so much for his open-handed charity as for the ready kindly sympathy which was never wanting."

These extracts give a favourable idea of Mr.



Dicey's labours. He writes well and with care. His book is short, intelligent and trustworthy.

*Creation in Plan and in Progress.* By the Rev. Prof. Challis. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS work, first intended as an answer to Mr. Goodwin's article on the Mosaic Cosmogony in the 'Essays and Reviews,' has grown into a larger undertaking, which nevertheless contains as a part what was intended to be the whole. In the work of the Cambridge Professor of Astronomy we may depend upon sound science, at least: and this is something. Those of our readers who pay due attention to this never-ending branch of controversy will, no doubt, look carefully into Mr. Challis's argument. For ourselves, there is a lion in the path, in the shape of a huge assumption, which must be something more than assumption before we can pass it.

In one point, Mr. Challis does not join in the method of his clerical brethren. Our readers will have observed that in all high quarters the demand for the extermination of the 'Essays and Reviews' is accompanied by a declaration of these remarkable productions being excessively weak. The Convocation, the Bishop of Salisbury, &c., all pronounce this book to be the essence of nullity in its contents. For ourselves, we distinguish: we believe that certain things in the 'Essays and Reviews' can be answered, but not by those to whom they are really addressed. Mr. Challis says that Mr. Goodwin's essay has "the merit of bringing distinctly forward the questions and difficulties which it is reasonable to ask for explanations of from those who maintain the Divine Authority of the first chapter of Genesis."

The first thing which we noticed in Mr. Challis's book is there is much Greek but no Hebrew: the Septuagint is the authority. Not a word of allusion to this occurs in the preface. We supposed the reason to be that Mr. Challis does not understand Hebrew, and preferred the old Greek version to the modern English. We should have been well content to read upon this basis, knowing that depth in Hebrew and depth in science hardly ever meet in one person; and that nothing leads a person astray more effectually than slight knowledge of an original applied to a translation. But when six-sevenths of the book had been got through, we found what we have called our lion, a casual foot-note, which ought, if it be worth anything, to have been put in the front of the book, and defended at length. It is as follows:

"Probably because the language of the ancient Hebrew text became obscure by the lapse of time, it was provided in the wisdom of God that a new form of the Scriptures should be published in the Greek language, which appears to be peculiarly adapted for such a purpose. The Septuagint, the use of which was sanctioned by Apostolic authority, cannot be regarded as a mere translation of the Hebrew, as is evident from the number and character of its deviations from the original. As far as I am able to judge, these deviations are made *scientifically*, and much Scriptural science might be gathered from comparisons of the Hebrew with the Septuagint. For these reasons I have not hesitated to adopt the text of the latter in the foregoing explanations of the Scripture Cosmogony, considering that for this purpose it is perfectly trustworthy."

It is clear that in this note Mr. Challis abandons all right to be considered as answering Mr. Goodwin, whether what he says be right or wrong. For he demands, as mere matter of assumption, what he cannot reasonably expect another to grant. He demands that the apostolic authority, which is Divine, shall be held as sanctioning a text which has many and marked deviations from the Hebrew text,

which is also Divine—so many and so marked, that the Septuagint cannot be regarded as a mere translation of the Hebrew. In plain words, the Holy Spirit gave a "second edition" of the work, with *scientific* deviations from the first. This is a very strange—to us a very new—hypothesis. It rather surprises us that Mr. Challis should, in the last sentence, speak in measured terms of his own plan of proceeding. He has "not hesitated"—how could he hesitate? "For this purpose"—why not for every purpose?—"it [the Septuagint] is perfectly trustworthy:" it ought to be as trustworthy as the Hebrew at least.

Mr. Challis claims an apostolic sanction for the Septuagint. Theology is a branch of learning in which inferences are, and always have been, most audaciously presented as primary premises. All that is to go on in the Court of Arches, all the turmoil that has preceded and is to precede that blessed first approximation to truth, subject to a new working of the question by the Privy Council—all turns on this practice. One premise from the Bible; one premise from outside; and the conclusion declared to be the first premise in validity and authority. The Apostles have quoted the Septuagint; he who quotes a book sanctions the use of it; therefore the Apostles have sanctioned the use of the Septuagint. As to the second proposition, all we can perfectly see is, that he who quotes a book sanctions the use of it *by himself*. Whether he will allow another person to use it indiscriminately, is a question of inference from all the circumstances: Mr. Challis may have his inference, and we may have ours. Churches, Convocations, Bishops, dogmatists of all kinds, put "God has declared" before conclusions in which God's word is responsible for one premise; man's word for the other; and such logic as theology finds convenient, for the conclusion. The Church of Rome can generally contrive to be logical: it has by its manufactory of infallibility such a command of premises, that it would be sinning against its mercies, as the Scotch say, if it were to require illogical consequence from its followers. The Protestant Churches, having smaller magazines, cannot afford so much correctness of reasoning.

We have here a new instance of one phase of a succession of controversies which never can come to an end. So soon as one is worn out by mere exhaustion, scientific discovery will bring on another. A new assault upon Moses: the fiery cross—the only one of which controversial divinity knows anything—will be sent round from bishop to bishop, and a new gathering to the fray will take place. Then will come the men of science, like those Indian ants which fill up with clay the holes they eat through the beams, and will patch it up nicely with a new interpretation of the Mosaic writing.

"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light." This is intelligible to all the world, from the day it was written till now. Not "Let the fog clear away, and the sun shine out a bit, a day or two before he takes his regular duty"—which seems to be Dr. Buckland's account. Not "Let the luminiferous ether begin undulating a day or two before the sun is ready to keep it up"—as Mr. Challis seems to render it. But "Let there be light: and there was light." There is no commentator on this passage whom we care to read, and none whom we care to hear,—except Haydn. The light of all the rest is darkness visible. Every author—we mean every *honest* author—must be held to have meant whatever he knew his words would be taken to mean. The author of Genesis—whether writing the cosmogony under a special Divine guidance or not—has used words about common things which have had but one

meaning to the world at large. Did the author know his words would have that meaning? Let common sense answer. That meaning then is the meaning—if the author were honest. For ourselves, as we do not get into the trap, we do not want a way out. The time will come when it will be seen that the children of the world were fed with milk and not with meat.

## NEW POETRY.

*Dryope; and other Poems.* By Thomas Ashe. (Bell & Daldy.)

IT is a special pleasure to take in hand one of Messrs. Bell & Daldy's books of verse when the inside does not break the promise. These publishers seem emulous of being to Poetry in our time what the Murrays, Pickering and Moxons have been in the past. They have not yet caught their Byron or their Tennyson; but they will know how to dress him when he comes, and meantime we are glad to get such poetry as they have already given us so choicely printed. We shall be pleased to interest some of the lovers of Keats, Shelley and the daintier half of Mr. Tennyson's poetry in the poems of Mr. Thomas Ashe. Our word will be all the more earnest because the poems are not of a kind to arrest attention by a glare of poppy colours. They will not talk loud to a deaf ear. But they have a sweet low singing of their own,—a quiet charm of quaint beauty,—and a nice fitness of expression, that we like. We have just to hint that the writer must beware lest his love of quaintness should lead him into affectations. The *naïve* must be perfectly natural, or it is fatal. Quaintness of expression must be warranted by the thought,—demanded by the feeling.

In these verses the writer keeps well within the proper limits:—

## SPEEDWELLS.

On the hill there stands a house,  
With a dainty room in it;  
And in the dainty room a gem.  
These are secrets. O come near!  
The little birds will overhear;  
And will whisper them.

Simple-braided hair she has,  
And a neck as white as milk,  
Or a lily on its stem.  
These are secrets. O come near!  
The little birds will overhear;  
And will whisper them.

I am going to her now;  
Plucking speedwells in the grass,  
For a fragile diadem.  
These are secrets. O come near!  
The little birds will overhear;  
And will whisper them.

She will kiss me at the gate;  
In the garden with me walk.  
So late, so late; and be my gem.  
These are secrets. O come near!  
The little birds will overhear;  
And will whisper them.

—But it requires great art to keep the quaint and *naïve* always natural.

'Dryope,' beloved of Apollo, is a pleasant poem, with a morning freshness, a spark of sun-dew and a low bird-warble of music about it. Here is an Arcadian glimpse of the little Dryope as the Dryads found her and stole her for love of her woodland beauty and likeness to all natural loveliness:—

Sweet Dryope! bright little Dryope!  
So like a rose-leaf fallen on the grass!  
New, rounded, touched with summer tints of youth;  
Flushed with the ruddy blood of opening life;  
Suffused with softened colour, like a cloud  
At sunset toward the zenith! How could they  
Flit on, nor stop with wonder-brightening eyes?  
They, in among the shadows lingering,  
With whispers quick and sudden, joy to catch  
Unlooked for glimpse of thing so beautiful.  
How should a longing strange not seize on them?  
And long they looked, and looked, and could not go.  
And much they doubted, and could not decide.  
And such a charm the little cherub thing  
Had over them; and such a merry laugh  
And innocent glee rang up to heaven's blue dome,  
As it lay laughing at the sky, and tried

With tiny moving fingers to reach up  
And catch the skimming clouds in its young hands;  
And such keen arrows of fop love shot out  
From its bright eyes and rosy-tinted lips;  
And rounded freshness in the pillowing grass;  
And while the old nurse gathered yellow figs  
Just out of sight behind the trees, they stole,  
Like soft sunbeams, and took the child away.

The description of Dryope among the Dryads, as the strange sweet human yearnings grew within her, and she longed for the closer communion of warmer love while wandering thoughtfully among the cool green leaves and their shadows, is full of tender grace:—

And so she learned to wander in the woods,  
As if in search, not knowing where she went.  
And she put on a statelier beauty, grew  
More beautiful thro' sadness, while the years  
Led her to womanhood with persuasive hands.  
Not Aphrodite coming in her shell,  
When those four seasons met her on the shore,  
Was lovelier: being in beauty more divine;  
But missing her sweet grace of humanness.  
And she grew up a perfect woman pure,  
With passion in her, well subdued to truth;  
Saddened at most things as she went by them:  
And made the Dryads weep at her sad looks.  
And all her heart and being yearned for love.  
She peep'd into the leafy nests of birds,  
And wonder'd what could make them twit and sing.

But that such comparisons are worn out and have lost all their meaning, we might say that the scene of Apollo's change from the glistening serpent at her feet to the glorious god that rose to reign over all her life is worthy of ranking with the "transformation scene" in Keats's 'Lamia.' This description of noble love, and of the Hamadryads watching human happiness, is also good:—

Many a pleasant month  
Drew out its days, and blessed itself with love.  
And they were happy lovers, with no pain  
Or sorrow at all. And love made in itself  
A rich Elysium; crowned with sunny heights  
Of fancy; sloping into vales of bliss;  
With little brooks of longing running down  
To bays of calm, with changing gleams of hope.  
But being noble, they had better fruit  
From their great love than lesser lovers have.  
They did not miss the sweet delights that fill  
The scented eves, and grassy wood-paths soft;  
Or kisses in the shadows; or clasped arms  
Of linked delight; when two seemed linked in one,  
As they should never unclasp any more. And oft  
The Hamadryads, stealing near, would weep  
To see them both so happy; being glad  
Because they loved her kindly: following them  
At distance, down thick plane-tree avenues,  
By woodland walks and lustful lotus-beds.  
But there was yet a holier communion,  
They in their careless spirits could not read.

There is a touch of old Homer's manner, sometimes in a realistic application, and a certain quiet emphasis of statement. For example:—

She had a soft, still face; but sharp; but smooth,  
And round and gentle; quiet as the moon  
On warm June nights, with kindly warmth; and sweet  
As full-blown sweetworts of a pale, faint rose.  
And gradual undulations rose and fell  
About her neck and shoulders beautifully:  
Hollowed a little in the throat, not much;  
But as a dimple hollows in ripe fruit  
Of apricot, more lovely for it: and then  
Swelled full to meet the swelling breasts, and sloped  
Between their wealthy richness; where it were  
Most tugging to be pulled aside, when sick.

This, again, may be said to have quite a smack of satisfaction in its conclusiveness:—

Apollo kissed her, till the tingling blood  
Of that long, breathless, eager passionate kiss  
Left their lips white. With that he went his way.

In his Lyrics we have to charge Mr. Ashe with being too Tennysonian. In these, also, we find his greatest tendency to affectation. Yet we should have to quote them for our fullest proof of his faculty. Here is a brief one, filled with a luxury of languor appropriate to the feeling:—

LYING ILL.  
Love, kiss me, kiss me on the lips,  
And kiss me on the cheek.  
And I would that I could speak.  
My heart, my heart so happy pants;  
But I feel lost and weak.  
This cup of pain so bitter is,  
And I grow dull with woe:  
And my tears are falling slow.  
But I touch your neck, your rosy neck:  
So I am blest, I know.

O love, we wedded years ago!  
A blessed bliss for me!—  
Love, let me, let me see  
Your blest soft eyes burn into mine!  
Dear eyes, how kind they be!  
I touch your neck: my tears flow down:  
They soothe me while I speak.  
O love, I feel so weak.  
But kiss me, kiss me on the lips,  
And kiss me on the cheek.

Mr. Ashe's poems are not merely pretty lyrics, moving to dainty music and touched with bright and delicate imagery; he frequently reaches to a wise, calm thoughtfulness. This is perhaps most manifest in his Sonnets. We quote a couple of these:—

There is no hope or help in hard men found;  
But in a woman's whisper soft and low:  
And comfort lives in words of gentle sound:—  
God in his pity fashioned poor man so.  
For selfish cares eat out the hearts of men:  
And cursed suspicion makes their fair looks cold:  
And love, wrecked once, fears much to launch again;  
And broken trust will not be overbold.  
But if a woman loves you she loves you,  
And not herself, or you for selfish gain:  
In doubt or guilt she will not prove untrue;  
But loves on firm, met help, and balm for pain.  
And little he need heed, tho' rude winds chafe,  
Whom restful haven of her love keeps safe.

So till the whole of love's sweet debt be paid,  
Think not the crown of hope and life to know.  
God man and woman each imperfect made,  
That they twain, one, a perfect whole might grow.  
The trailing vines their tendrils interlink,  
Before their boughs a shady arbour make;  
The keystone love must in the centre fit,  
Before life's arch the strain of life can take.  
So with unwearied feet search near and far,  
O man, to find her, blissful hope, somewhere!  
Till ye be like two lips, a perfect clasped are,  
And unbreathed words, whose meaning goes in prayer.  
So double stars fair-set in mortal night,  
Ye each round each moving shall make one light.

Altogether, this is a book which true lovers of poetry will be glad to get and carry away with them to the quiet of the country, far out of sight and sound and smoke of London life. By the blue sea, lying in its infinite tenderness of calm,—or resting on the heathery hill-top,—or, best of all, under some greenwood tree, where the leaves overhead are just stirred to cast a faint imagery of tremulous shadows, and the twinkling sunburst breaks into misty gold,—such a book will give enjoyment to its readers.

*Home Ballads and Poems.* By John Greenleaf Whittier. (Boston, U.S., Ticknor & Field; London, Low & Co.)

HERE is poetry worth waiting for, a poet worth listening to. Mr. Whittier may not ascend any lofty hill of vision, but he is clearly a seer according to his range. His song is simple and sound, sweet and strong. We take up his book as Lord Bacon liked to take up the bit of fresh earth, wet with morning and fragrant with wine. It has the healthy smell of Yankee soil with the wine of fancy poured over it. We get a gush of the prairie breeze, weird whispers from the dark and eerie belts of pine, wafts of the salt sea winds wandering inland, superb scents of the starred magnolias and box-tree blossoming white. We hear the low of cattle, the buzzing of bees, the lusty song of the huskers, brown and ruddy, the drunken laughter of the jolly bob-o-link. Here are green memorials of the New World's spring of promise, golden memorials of her abundance when the horn of autumn is poured into the overflowing lap of man; we see the white-horns tossing over the farmyard wall, the cock crowing in the sun with his comb glowing a most vital red, the brown gable of the old barn, roses running up to the eaves of the swallow-haunted homestead, the June sun "tangling his wings of fire" in the net-work of green leaves, the aronia by the river lighting up the swarming shad, the river full of sunshine, with the bonny blue above and the blithe blink of sea in the distance, and many a sight and sound of vernal life and country cheer. No

American poet has more of the home-made and home-brewed than Mr. Whittier. His poetry is not filtered from the German Helicon; it is a spring fresh from New World nature; and we gladly welcome its "sprightly runnings."

Our Yankee Bard is among poets what Mr. Bright is amongst the peace men. He has the soul of some old Norseman buttoned up under the Quaker's coat, and the great bursts of heart will often peril the hold of the buttons, whilst the speaker with all his native energy and a manly mouth is "preaching brotherly love and driving it in." With him, too, the Norse soul is found fighting for freedom, and he has done good service in making the heart of the North beat quicker for the day when black slavery shall be no more, and in bringing about the present movement which the hopeful look upon as preparatory to the gathering up of the slave forces for a final fight.

The poet is less martial in his latest book. He has learnt to possess his soul with more patience. The momentum is more subdued, and has a slower swing, quietly intense. Longer brooding has brought forth a more perfect, though less striking result. Take, for example, a few of the noble lines in remembrance of Joseph Sturge, a man after our poet's own heart:—

For him no minster's chant of the immortals  
Rose from the lips of sin;  
No mitred Priest swung back the heavenly portals  
To let the white soul in.

But Age and Sickness framed their tearful faces  
In the low hovel's door,  
And prayers went up from all the dark by-places  
And shelters of the poor.

Not his the golden pen or lip's persuasion,  
But a fine sense of right,  
And truth's directness, meeting each occasion  
Straight as a line of light.

The very gentlest of all human natures  
He joined to courage strong,  
And love out-reaching unto all God's creatures  
With sturdy hate of wrong.

Men failed, betrayed him, but his zeal seemed nourished  
By failure and by fall.  
Still a large faith in human kind he cherished,  
And in God's love for all.

And now he rests his greatness and his sweetness  
No more shall seem at strife;  
And death has moulded into calm completeness  
The statue of his life.

Where the dew's glisten and the song-birds warble,  
His dust to dust is laid,  
In Nature's keeping, with no pomp of marble  
To shame his modest shade.

The forges glow, the hammers all are ringing;  
Beneath its smoky wall,  
Hard by, the city of his love is swinging  
Its clamorous iron fall.

But round his grave are quietude and beauty,  
And the sweet heaven above,—  
The fitting symbols of a life of duty  
Transfigured into love.

In a time of trouble and struggle, of war and rumours of war, these lines take one with their quiet mastery and peaceful music, sinking softly into the soul as if spoken by the very Spirit of Rest. To quote the poet's own words, the whole picture is—

Beautiful in its holy peace as one  
Who stands at evoning, when the work is done,  
Glorified in the setting of the sun.

'Telling the Bees' is a ballad as fine as the custom it celebrates is curious. 'The Pipes at Lucknow' is a spirited poem. Many of the stanzas of 'The Shadow and the Light' might have been found worthy of weaving into 'In Memoriam':—

Ah, me! we doubt the shining skies  
Seen thro' our shadows of offence,  
And drown with our poor childish cries  
The cradle-hymn of kindly Providence.

And still we love the evil cause,  
And of the just effect complain;  
We tread upon life's broken laws,  
And murmur at our self-inflicted pain;

We turn us from the light, and find  
Our spectral shapes before us thrown,  
As they who leave the sun behind  
Walk in the shadows of themselves alone.



And scarce by will or strength of ours  
We set our faces to the day;  
Weak, wavering, blind, the Eternal Powers  
Alone can turn us from ourselves away.

Mr. Whittier is most successful perhaps in the present work in setting gravely sweet and kindly comforting thoughts to a common ballad measure, which he has tried again and again until it reaches its perfection in pieces like 'My Psalm' and 'My Playmate.' Here is a specimen of the latter poem:—

O playmate in the golden time!  
Our mossy seat is green,  
Its fringing violets blossom yet,  
The old trees o'er it lean.  
The winds so sweet with birch and fern  
A sweeter memory blow;  
And there in spring the veeries sing  
The song of long ago.  
And still the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are moaning like the sea,—  
The moaning of the sea of change  
Between myself and thee!

'My Psalm' is only to be felt thoroughly in the eve of life, when the mellowing influences of age and experience have done their work, and the golden haze gathers about the closing of the calm day, touching this world with the beauty of the next. It must be read slowly and thoughtfully to be felt deeply:—

All as God wills, who wisely heeds  
To give or to withhold,  
And knoweth more of all my needs  
Than all my prayers have told!  
Enough that blessings undeserved  
Have marked my erring track;  
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
His chastening turned me back;  
That more and more a Providence  
Of love is understood,  
Making the springs of time and sense  
Sweet with eternal good:  
That death seems but a covered way  
Which opens into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight;  
That care and trial seem at last,  
Thro' Memory's sunset air,  
Like mountain ranges over-past,  
In purple distance fair:  
That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angles of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm.  
And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west winds play;  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day.

But we shall not be doing justice to these 'Home Ballads' if we do not vary the strain. They are not all devoted to the life that is lived in our day. Here and there we find a bright and vigorous portrait painted on the dark background of the past. Such is that of 'Samuel Sewall,' the man of God with a "face that a child would climb to kiss." Sometimes, also, the poet peers into the shadowy land of Indian legend, watching, questioning the darkness, till the mist begins to stir and transform itself into spectral life. Then he will tell us a tale of the early time of witchcraft and cruelty.

Our concluding extract is from a robust ballad, called

#### SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

Body of turkey, head of owl,  
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,  
Feathered and ruffled in every part,  
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.  
Scores of women, old and young,  
Strong of muscle and glib of tongue,  
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,  
Shouting and singing this shrill refrain:  
"Here's Flud Orison, fur his horrid horrt,  
Torrd'an' futherr'd an' corrd'in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,  
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,  
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase  
Bacchus round some antique vase,  
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,  
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,  
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horn's twang,  
Over and over the Minstrels sang:  
"Here's Flud Orison, fur his horrid horrt,  
Torrd'an' futherr'd an' corrd'in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him!—He sailed away  
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay,—  
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,  
With his own townspeople on her deck!  
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.  
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!  
Brag of your catch of fish again!"  
And off he sailed thro' the fog and the rain.  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered an' carried in a cart  
By the women of Morble'ead!

Thro' the street, on either side,  
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;  
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives grey,  
Lent a treble to the fish-horn's bray.  
Sea-worn grandires, cripple-bound,  
Hulks of old sailors run aground,  
Shook head and fist, shook hat and cane,  
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:  
"Here's Flud Orison, fur his horrid horrt,  
Torrd'an' futherr'd an' corrd'in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, Neighbours!" at last he cried,—  
"What to me is this noisy ride?  
What is the shame that clothes the skin  
To the nameless horror that lives within?  
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,  
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!  
Hate me and curse me,—I only dread  
The hand of God and the face of the Dead."  
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Morble'ead!

Then the wife of the Skipper lost at sea  
Said, "God has toucht him!—why should we?"  
Said an old wife mourning her only son,  
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"  
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,  
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,  
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,  
And left him alone with his shame and sin.  
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Morble'ead!

Mr. Whittier has many admirers in this country, to whom this volume will be welcome.

#### A Treatise on Facts as Subjects of Inquiry by a Jury. By James Ram, Barrister-at-Law. (Maxwell.)

It is not difficult to imagine the grim smile of amusement with which any veteran pleader, into whose hands a law-bookseller may slip this treatise on "Facts," will turn over its pages and lay it aside. A book more out of the usual course of literary production a critic seldom meets. Bound in boards of that neutral tint which the usages of trade appropriate to legal opuscles, and docketed on the back with the white-paper label of precedent, differing but slightly from the label of a medicine-bottle, it has even in its aromatic newness the air of grave and musty erudition, befitting the compositions of a Counsel learned in the Law. Such is its exterior. Inside, however, it is simply a literary scrap-book, the numerous and lengthy quotations from Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Walter Scott, Southey, Coleridge, De Quincey and a host of other distinguished thinkers, being tacked together with the slightest possible thread of argument, and arranged with a view to illustrate the different kinds of facts ordinarily submitted to juries, and the various difficulties which juries labour under in forming their judgments on such facts.

Of course, Mr. James Ram sets out with a definition of "a fact." That done, to obviate all possibility of mistake as to his meaning, he transcribes Wordsworth's ballad of 'Lucy Gray' (eleven stanzas), as an example of cumulation of facts; gives a closely-printed page and a half of 'Romeo and Juliet' as an instance of testimony of facts; and, to display the irrevocability of "facts," quotes from Horace's ode, "Non tamen irritum quodcumque retrò," &c, and finishes off with Lady Macbeth's "What's done cannot be undone." The task of introducing his subject being thus accomplished, the author devotes the next four chapters to essays on Perception, Impression, Memory and Recognition, anecdotes gathered together by much

desultory reading being used to show the fallibility of the senses and the capriciousness or imbecility of memory. Mr. Ram's metaphysical rambles, in which Locke's 'Essay on the Human Understanding' serves him both as staff and crutch, are by no means the occasions when he is seen to least disadvantage. On "Perception" he has nothing to say which an old lady, knitting stockings in a chimney-corner, could not have said for him. "A person's right perception of an object seen by him may depend on his situation relative to the object viewed,—his nearness to, or distance from it; also on his capacity to see with perfect or sufficient distinctness an object far off: he may be able to discern clearly things at a great distance from him, or to see distinctly only objects near to him; that is, he may be either far-sighted or near-sighted. His right perception of the object may also depend on the light by which it is seen, and therefore on the time,—whether day or night. It may depend, also, on the length or shortness of the time he has in which to view the object, also on the freedom of his view from all obstruction at the time, from whatever cause, or however momentary. The sun shining full in the face of a person may very much obstruct his sight. And the same effect may be produced by falling snow, or dense rain, or smoke." True, very true,—but what of it? Our learned brother is all right as to his "facts," but why does he prose about them? To what end is all this labour? Merely to amuse is of course not Mr. Ram's object; and surely he cannot suffer under the hallucination that he is imparting valuable information by such sentence-building. To leave persons of higher intelligence out of consideration, every child in a ragged school knows that it is less easy to discern objects accurately in darkness than in the broad daylight, that a person with a long range of vision sees to a greater distance than one whose sight is short, and that it is beyond human power to look through the masonry of a wall. The laborious pedantry which, not content with recognizing such truths, evident to the humblest understanding, gravely supports them with passages from Horace and Virgil, Cicero and Pliny, calls to mind the memorable labours of the scholar who wrote an essay to prove that in Classic Athens little children cried when their mothers whipped them.

Nor do we confine our disapproval to the general design of Mr. Ram's treatise, for the style in which he carries out his plan of literary illustration is as careless and confused as the plan itself is ridiculous. The following passage will serve as an example:—

"A person may catch some only of, and not all, the words, which another speaks; and a consequence may be, that the words caught do not express the speaker's meaning. A ludicrous instance of this is contained in a story thus told by Hume:—'Some young gentlemen of Lincoln's Inn, heated by their cups, having drunk confusion to the Archbishop [Laud], were, at his instigation, cited before the Star Chamber. They applied to the Earl of Dorset for protection. 'Who bears witness against you?' said Dorset.—'One of the drawers,' they replied.—'Where did he stand when you were supposed to drink this health?' subjoined the Earl.—'He was at the door,' they replied, 'going out of the room.'—'Tush!' cried he; 'the drawer was mistaken. You drank to the confusion of the Archbishop of Canterbury's enemies; and the fellow was gone before you pronounced the last word.'"

Here we have a not unfavourable specimen of Mr. Ram's method of dealing with and writing about facts. He first startles the reader with the interesting discovery that "a person may catch some only of, and not all, the words which another speaks," and then undertakes to

support a proposition so manifestly open to the attacks of scepticism, by an historical example of a person who by such imperfect hearing missed a speaker's meaning,—the instance so appositely cited being, however, after all, that of a listener who hears all the words and apprehends the exact meaning of a particular speaker. Of course any one can see what it is that Mr. Ram intended to say; but when that which ought to have been said is so manifest, what excuse has an author for not having said it? This is not the only place where Mr. Ram misrepresents his own meaning, and leaves the reader to rectify the blunder by putting a wrong interpretation on the wrong words of the text.

*The Book of Good Counsels: from the Sanskrit of the Hitopadesa.* By Edwin Arnold, M.A. Illustrated by Harrison Weir. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THERE were brave men before Agamemnon, and wise men before Solomon; for the wisest of men tells us himself, that he gathered and set in order proverbs and wise sayings from all quarters; and it may well be that some of the verses and proverbs in the 'Hitopadesa' had found their way to him. The 'Hitopadesa, or Book of Good Counsels,' is a Sanskrit work of high antiquity; hitherto not much known to English readers, although several translations have been published. Sir William Jones translated it, and his translation was published after his death. Dr. Charles Wilkins also translated it. But there were reasons why neither of these obtained much circulation. In 1848, Mr. Stephen Austin, of Hertford, published a literal translation, by Francis Johnson, for the use of students of Sanskrit. It was in a thin quarto, and is very able and masterly; but being intended only to assist students, it has no explanations of the Hindoo allusions with which it abounds, nor is any account given of the work itself. Those readers who had once made its acquaintance, even with these drawbacks, were thankful for the treasury of wisdom thus laid open to them, but it was not a work to gain in that form general circulation; there were also some rather indecent speeches and stories, which modern English taste would not have accepted. For English readers who have never heard of the 'Hitopadesa,' and to whom the fact of a learned work translated from the Sanskrit would only convey the notion of something slow, involved in style, stately and ceremonious in language, altogether a dull, dignified and unattractive book,—for the benefit of this impatient class of readers, and for their conversion from this heresy, Mr. Edwin Arnold has undertaken and executed a new translation. He has made judicious omissions, and given concise explanations of the various allusions and names of things which are essential to a full understanding of the work,—also a preface, giving some account of the 'Hitopadesa.' He has been fortunate in meeting with publishers willing to second him. The work is illustrated by Harrison Weir, and radiantly bound in green and gold. To the outside alone have we any complaint to make: it is got up to look too much like a child's story-book; its appearance would better befit 'The Butterfly's Ball,' or 'The Peacock at Home,' than a work embodying the "voice of eld," the wisdom of the distant East. But the fact of a new translation well executed, and put into a manageable form, is a matter for which readers ought to feel too grateful to carp at trifles. The 'Hitopadesa' is a collection of wise maxims, proverbs, stories, and fables, illustrative of different subjects; the stories are linked together by golden chains of proverbs, interca-

lated by verses and aphorisms so numerous and so weighty, that when given in all their multitude and fullness, the reader loses the thread of the original story. Mr. Arnold has drawn the links closer, and given greater prominence and distinctness to the main narrative. In the original, the work is literally "a paradise of wildernesses."

The groundwork of the story is supposed to be that a certain king, Sudarsana, who lived on the banks of the Ganges, and who, though a monarch renowned for excellence and wisdom, had two sons who were inveterately idle, and indeed were fast going altogether to the bad. He called an assembly of wise men to consult what was to be done with them, to teach them learning and policy, for they had never read the sacred writings, and were beyond his management. Then a great sage, Vishna-Sarana, "who was as learned as the angel of the planet Jupiter," rose up and comforted the king, by declaring that though his sons might be idle and ignorant at present, still they were come from so good a stock that they must be amenable to right reason; they were royal-minded, though not cultivated, and he undertook to teach them "to comprehend policy," and did not fear to lose his labour. The king, much comforted, replied graciously, and thankfully gave his sons into his charge for instruction. Then, by way of introduction, the pundit said in the presence of the princes, as they sat at ease on the terrace of the palace:—

"Princes, hear! In the enjoyment of poetical writings the time of the wise passes away; but that of fools, in dissipation, slumber or strife: therefore, for the amusement of your highnesses, I relate the admirable story of the crow, the tortoise, and the rest." The sons of the Rajah replied,—"Sir, let it be told."—Vishnu-Sarana replied, "Attend now. The Acquisition of Friends, of which this is the first verse,—"Those without means and without wealth, if very friendly, speedily effect their purpose, like the crow, the tortoise, the deer, and the mouse."

Which Mr. Arnold thus versifies:—

*Sans way or wealth, wise friends their purpose gain;  
The mouse, crow, deer, and tortoise, make this plain.*

We prefer the literal version of these proverbs as given in Johnson's translation to the metrical paraphrase of Mr. Arnold. The literal is somewhat cumbrous, but the significance comes out with more force.

The book is divided into four subjects. The first treats on the Acquisition of Friends, and shows what friendship ought to be: a noble heroic spirit is displayed throughout. The second subject treats on the Separation of Friends: it is full of shrewd lessons, wherein are unravelled the base intrigues by which monarchs are separated from their best advisers and true friends: this portion is very whimsically told, and it abounds in maxims of worldly wisdom, illustrated by stories which would set up a dozen Rochefoucaulds and Talleyrands. The third portion treats of War: it is a mirror, which represents things as they go on at this present time, quite as faithfully as it did three thousand years ago. The respective monarchs, King Jewel-Plume and King Silversides, have each a wise minister, the vulture "Far-sight," and the Brahmany goose "Know-all"; these two ministers and their way of managing their masters are admirable. The whole of this part is full of sarcastic knowledge of the world, but it is combined with a wisdom and breadth of insight that keeps it clear of cynicism; there is a spirit of geniality and fun throughout which is charming, and the mutual respect of the two ministers for each other is well touched in. The last portion relates to the Making of Peace, in which the Vulture and the Brahmany Goose appear to great

advantage. At the conclusion, the Rajah's sons return thanks to the venerable Vishna-Sarana, and declare themselves to have profited greatly by his instructions.

The 'Hitopadesa' may well be called the "father of fables," for it is the original storehouse of all the fables, proverbs, and stories, which have passed like light from country to country, and been adopted for its own by each. This work exhibits a high degree of social civilization, a condition of complicated interests, and indicates an advanced stage of comfort and luxury such as it must have taken ages to produce. How many generations must have lived and died before the experience manifested in these proverbs and fables could have been distilled into speech! This work reminds one of those tiny shells embedded in certain rocks, each one of which has held a living body: the mass of living things which had to exist and pass away before one square foot of the rock could be formed, bewilders the imagination. So it is with this 'Hitopadesa.' Whence did the wisdom come? What was the history of the events and times through which it accumulated? Every line bears the stamp of age, experience, and venerable grey hairs. The world's youth! Was the world ever young? The 'Hitopadesa' has been translated into Hebrew, Greek, Persian, Arabic, and, with more or less completeness and accuracy, into all the vernacular dialects of India.

One remarkable feature in the work is the low and depreciating estimate of women, which is everywhere manifested, mingled with a reluctant testimony to their fascinations; a sense of their dangerous qualities pervades every mention of them. As a specimen of what is to be found in the 'Hitopadesa,' we give the following story of 'The Faithful Rajpoot':—

"A soldier presented himself one morning at king Sudraka's gate, and bade the porter procure an audience for Vira-Vara, a Rajpoot, who sought employment. Being admitted to the presence, he thus addressed the king:—'If your highness needs an attendant, behold one!'—'What pay do you ask?' inquired the king.—'Five hundred pieces of gold a day,' replied Vira-Vara.—'And your accoutrements?' asked the king.—'Are these two arms and this sabre, which may serve for a third,' said Vira-Vara, rolling up his sleeve.—'I cannot entertain you,' said the king; and thereupon the Rajpoot made salaam and withdrew. Then said the ministers, 'If it please your majesty, the stipend is excessive; but give him pay for four days, and see wherein he may deserve it.' Accordingly, the Rajpoot was recalled, and received pay for four days, with the complimentary betel. Ah the rare betel! Truly say the wise of it—

*Betel-nut is bitter, hot, sweet, spicy, binding, alkaline,  
An emollient, an astrigent—foe to evils intestine;  
Giveth to the breath a fragrance—to the lips a crimson red:  
A detergent, and a kindler of love's flame which lieth dead.  
Praise the gods for the good betel! these be thirteen virtues given,  
Hard to meet in one thing blended, even in the happy heaven.*

Now the king narrowly watched the spending of Vira-Vara's pay, and he discovered that he bestowed half in the service of the gods and the support of Brahmins, a fourth-part in relieving the poor, and reserved a fourth-part for his sustenance and recreation. This daily division made, he would take his sabre, and stand at the gate of the palace, retiring only upon receiving the royal permission. It was on the fourteenth night of the dark half of the month, that king Sudraka heard below a sound of passionate sobbing. 'Ho! there,' he cried, 'who waits at the gate?'—'I,' replied Vira-Vara. 'Go, and learn what means this weeping,' said the king.—'I go,' answered the Rajpoot, and departed. No sooner was he gone, than the king repented him of sending one man alone into a night so dark that a bodkin might pierce a hole in it; and girding on his scimitar, he followed his guard to the city gates. When Vira-Vara had gone thus far, he encountered a beautiful and splendidly dressed lady, who was



weeping bitterly; and, accosting her, he requested to know her name, and why she thus lamented.—“I am the Fortune (the Lüksmi, the attendant genius) of the king Sudraka,” answered she; “a long while have I lived happily in the shadow of his arm, but on the third day he will die, and I must depart; therefore lament I.”—“Can nothing serve, divine lady, to prolong thy stay?” asked the Rajpoot.—“It might be,” replied the spirit; “if thou shouldst cut off the head of thy first-born, who hath on his body the thirty-two auspicious marks of greatness. Were his head offered to the all-helpful Durga, the Rajah should live a hundred years, and I might tarry beside him!” So speaking, she disappeared, and Vira-Vara retraced his steps to his own house, and awoke his wife and son. They arose, and listened with attention, until Vira-Vara had repeated all the words of his vision. When he had finished, his son exclaimed—“I am thrice happy to be able to save the state of the king. Kill me, my father, and linger not; to give my life in such a cause is good indeed!”—“Yes,” said the mother, “it is good and worthy of our blood; how else could we deserve the king’s pay?”—Being thus agreed, they repaired together to the temple of the goddess Durga, and having paid their devotions and entreated the favour of the deity in behalf of the king, Vira-Vara struck off his son’s head, and laid it as an offering upon the shrine. That done, Vira-Vara said, “My service to the king is accomplished, and life without my boy is a burden; and therewith he plunged his sword into his own breast and fell dead. Overpowered with grief for her husband and child, the mother withdrew the twice-blooded weapon, and slew herself with it on the bodies of Vira-Vara and her son. All this was seen and heard by king Sudraka. “Woe is me!” he exclaimed; “insignificant creatures like myself live and die, but the like unto him has never existed in the world, nor will exist. What reck I of my realm, having lost these?” and thereat he drew his scimitar to take his own life also. At that moment, there appeared to him the goddess who is the mistress of all men’s fortunes. “Son,” said she, staying his uplifted hand, “forbear thy rash purpose, and bethink thee of thy kingdom.” The Rajah fell prostrate before her, and cried, “O goddess, I have done with life, and wealth, and kingdom. If thou hast compassion upon me, let my death restore these faithful ones to life; anyway, I follow the path they have marked.”—“Son,” replied the goddess, “thine affection is pleasing to me; be it as thou wilt—the Rajpoot and his house shall be rendered alive to thee.” Then the Rajah departed, and presently saw Vira-Vara return and take up his station as before at the palace-gate. “Ho, there! Vira-Vara,” said the king, “what meant that weeping?”—“Let your majesty rest well,” answered the Rajpoot: “it was a woman who wept and disappeared on my approach.” This answer completed the Rajah’s astonishment and delight. So when the day was come, he called a full council, and declaring therein all the events of the night, he invested the faithful guard with the sovereignty of the Carnatic.”

Our readers will recognize in the above the original of similar stories of heroic fidelity in different languages of Europe. We had marked other tales; but we must refer our readers to the work itself.

#### HANDBOOKS.

*Handbook for Travellers in North Wales.* With a Travelling Map. (Murray.)

OUR fathers and some of their still living sons were formerly wont to consider North Wales only in the light of a highway to Ireland. It was a terrific highway. They who wished to avoid its terrors and yet avoid the long and perilous sea voyage from Liverpool, embarked at Parkgate, near Chester; but many of these foundered in their ships, on the iron-bound coast of Wales. In these days, when we read of Lyttelton shuddering as he describes the dangers of the route, Swift recommending “a glass” before the traveller faced the difficulties of Penmaenmawr, and Johnson trembling to

attempt the pass after dusk, we, to whom the present road is familiar, can hardly make allowance for their timidity. It is, however, only necessary for a man to ascend the old zigzag path, over the hills behind Conway, to understand something of the former dangers and difficulties of the route through North Wales. Even after a “mail-coach road” was constructed, there were two ferries (arms of the sea) to be crossed between Chester and Holyhead; and it sometimes happened that in a dark night the ferry-boat at Conway or Bangor would upset, and passengers, mail, horses, letters and despatches go to the bottom. The journey from London to Holyhead was then not often accomplished in less than three days and nights; whereas *now*, on the road constructed by Stephenson, a work by which sea as well as land was put under subjection, the Irish mail train flies on its way, with only three stops between London and Holyhead, and accomplishes the intervening distance in seven hours and a half, at a rate of nearly forty-five miles an hour.

It was Sylvester who, about ninety years since, first rendered less rugged that portion of the highway to Ireland which lies between Colwyn and Anglesea. That road may be said to have been rendered both practicable and pleasant by the skill and labour of Telford; but this was not enough for the impatience of eager man; and to satisfy him, Stephenson struggled with the mountain and the wave, and overcame both adversaries. He crushed or cut through the one, and compelled the other to recede; penetrated the opposing rock, and flung his iron pathway above obstructing floods. In the winter season, when the ocean here is angry, and terrible in its anger, the route has perils sufficiently exciting. In the neighbourhood of Colwyn, the furious waves leap the seawall in fierce assault; but the bulwark breaks their force, and they fall on the swiftly-flying train in mountains of spray instead of tons of sheeted water, which would have otherwise arrested and shattered that flying train, though it flew never so swiftly. The road here is a world’s wonder, and he can neither describe nor comprehend it who has not examined it mile by mile between Abergelle and the second tubular. It is to this road that travellers are chiefly indebted for facility of access to the most beautiful portion of North Wales. The entire division of the Principality is, however, well worth seeing, and can be all the more easily reached by iron roads, and the more fully enjoyed by help of such guides as the one before us. The land is full of beauty; it is, indeed, a “Cathedral of Immensities,” in which the heart of the most indifferent is warmed and lifted up to God. Yet there is another than a divine spirit which has exercised influences over the inhabitants of this territory of the beautiful. As, in Brittany, there are chapels dedicated to Our Lady of Hatred, where man may invoke evil on his brother; so are there in Wales spots erst sacred to the devil or some Druidical demon, where it is remembered that angry men once called down vengeance on those by whom they had been offended. The most famous of these is the Cursing Well of Elian, to which, we are informed, “persons who have any great malice against others, and wish to injure them, frequently resort to the minister of the well, who, for a sum of money, undertakes to offer them in it. Various ceremonies are gone through on the occasion; amongst others, the name of the devoted is registered in a book, and then a pin in his name, and a pebble, with his initials inscribed thereon, are thrown into the well.” All this was, in fact, a form of devil-worship,

and of a less creditable quality than the devil-worship in Eastern countries. In Brittany and Wales, the Power of Evil was, or is, petitioned to exercise that puissance for the injury of man. In the East, this vengeful course is never thought of. The devil-worshippers there simply acknowledge the power of the great enemy of man, and, dreading it, pay to its holder such respect as they hope may induce him not to exercise it upon them. Seeing how great his influence over the world, their only desire is to escape it, and they think they best accomplish their object by being civil to so formidable a personage. Of course, it would be the easiest thing in the world to assert that they are wrong in their theory; but it would be very difficult for the most skillful of logicians to prove that they had not better reason than the Welsh or the Breton for their practice.

Connected with, or in spite of, absurd and wicked superstitions, the Welsh people have been remarkable for strong and simple religious feeling. This is sometimes exhibited in a singular way. As an illustration, we will cite an incident within our own knowledge. The clerk of a parish church one day made known to the incumbent the earnest desire of the congregation to have the afternoon service at two instead of three o’clock. The reverend gentleman inquired the reason for so unusual a request. The reply was, that by his acceding to their request they would all have time to take their tea comfortably, and to proceed to the Wesleyan chapel, at some distance, in the evening. “What will happen if I do not consent to gratify their wishes?” asked the incumbent. “Just this, Sir,” answered the clerk, “the congregation will then not come to church in the afternoon at all.” The incumbent mused over the matter for a moment, and arrived at a conclusion which may surprise some members of the Establishment. He not only consented to adopt the earlier hour, but announced his intention of being present on the following Sunday evening, after his own services, at the Wesleyan chapel. He wished to judge, he said, as to the instruction his singular flock might receive there. Hearing nothing of which he could disapprove, the new arrangement was made permanent; and one consequence was, that he not only retained his own congregation at the afternoon service, but he found it very greatly increased by numbers of Wesleyans, whose attendance was understood to be out of respect to a man whose spirit was as liberal as his judgment of the people was correct.

Generally, they have been called a proud people; and this they are, but not a vain or an arrogant people. They are proud of their old glories; and if the figure of Edward at Carnarvon is as little pleasant to them as that of Strongbow, “the first and principal invader of Ireland,” in Christchurch, Dublin, is to an Irishman, they proudly and reasonably refer to ancient glories achieved before the period when they were conquered, to their advantage, and kept subdued, to their exceeding great profit.

We have said they are not arrogant in their pride; they have rather been, for the most part, remarkable for their humour. Take the case of David ap Ifan when summoned to surrender Harlech Castle, where he had afforded refuge to Margaret of Anjou and young Edward after the fatal day near Northampton. The gallant David’s reply to Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was, “that he had held a fortress in France until all the old women in Wales had heard of it; and now he intended to hold Harlech until all the old women in France heard of it.” David is one of the many stout heroes of whom a Welshman is proud, and in

the memory of whom he finds solace for the disasters of his country in the old fighting time. If the banner of Llewellyn went down before the greatest of the Plantagenets, the Great Standard of England was lost at Cunsylt, by its bearer, the Earl of Essex, and capture was almost made of Henry the Second himself. The history of the people is worthy of being better known than it is anywhere except in the Principality; and the historical allusions with which this book abounds should induce its readers to turn to such history, of which they know little, save generally. The people would have been less easy of subjection had all families been as prolific as that of the Hookes of Conway, one of whom was the forty-first child of his father, and the sire of twenty-seven children himself. In a fighting country, and a permanent period of hostility, such Hookes were the best benefactors of a country,—which is excellently illustrated in this pleasant volume.

*A Handbook for Travellers on the Rhine, from Switzerland to Holland, &c.* By K. Baedeker. (Coblenz, Baedeker; London, Murray.)

THERE are few things more amusing as a spectacle than to contemplate the blank look of English travellers when they come, for the first time, within sight of Ehrenbreitstein. They have carried with them the memories of the glorious imposition on the canvas of Turner; but these disappear in the formal, unpicturesque fortifications, most marked by what Nature and Art abhor: straight lines,—of which there is no end.

Travellers go to the Rhine with scraps of 'Childe Harold,' and they are eager to see "the castled crag of Drachenfels," and the river "whose breast of water broadly swells between the banks which bear the vine." They look out for "the vale of vintage bowers," and for "the peasant girls with deep-blue eyes," who "walk smiling o'er this paradise";—but the end of all is a confession that they have no wish "through life to dwell delighted here."

The fact is, that with the exception of the portion of the river flowing between Bonn and Bingen, which may be descended in a few hours, the Rhine is a dull, melancholy, ugly, and, in some places, "hideous" stream. It is as inferior, in its most boasted district, to the Danube at Dürrenstein, as Goose Creek in the United States is to the Tiber, whose ancient name it has usurped. If you venture to make this observation to a Rhinelander, he will, probably, if he have Byron's testimony by heart, answer with—

The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground;

—but this, as a proof of the superiority of the Rhine, is like the corroboration of the feat of the knight who rode in panoply up the perpendicular face of the rock at Lorsch. You hint disbelief of the alleged fact. "But," say they, "we can show you the saddle!"

Through this locality, however, where Turner and Byron should be the acknowledged patron saints of hotel-keepers, steam-boat companies, and vineyard proprietors, Mr. Baedeker undertakes to guide all pilgrims inclined to accept him for a cicerone. We can vouch for both his honesty and simplicity. He fairly warns travellers that there are "obnoxious charges" as well as other unpleasant matters to be met with in the hotels. The arithmetic of Rhine waiters is pronounced "faulty." The landlords, erring mortals like their waiters, too, often present their bills at the last moment, when "wilful impositions must be submitted to for want of time to investigate them." There are other practices which the English traveller

will have to guard against if he would "walk smiling o'er this paradise." Mr. Baedeker thus feelingly alludes to it: "The habit of putting clothes and boots outside the bedroom-door to be brushed is sometimes attended with inconvenience. The editor was once unfortunate enough to be despoiled of a great portion of his wardrobe through this incautious act."

So much for perils to the purses and wardrobes of English travellers in the vicinity of the Rhine. His stomach and general health would seem to be in no less danger. Let him beware of wines of "fictitious body and sweetness." Although sovereign princes be the grapesellers, "the label and cork are not always guarantees that the wine is what it professes to be;" and "the art of adulteration is, unhappily, widely known;" and after the prince wholesale-dealer, and the adulterating retailer, there come those obsequious cheats, the inn-keepers, who "put a profit upon their wines of about one hundred per cent!" Poor English traveller!

Yes, "poor English traveller," for he must exercise very great care how he protests against being thus victimized in the paradisaical land. Mr. Baedeker, remembering, probably, how Capt. Macdonald was treated for making protest against invasion of his rights, and how all England was assailed, in consequence, by the Staats-procurator, Möller, of Bonn, is almost awful in his injunction to English pilgrims to walk gingerly as if they were on hallowed ground. He alludes playfully to the "physical excitement, almost amounting to ferocity," which influences liberal imbibers of port and sherry; and for the benefit, we suppose, of these ferocious topics he intimates that their bills will be "swollen" if they travel "with a superabundance of luggage" (Mr. Baedeker sets down "two flannel shirts" as sufficient for the pedestrian tourist), if they are "difficult to please," or "find indiscriminate fault," or "impose unnecessary trouble." If a bewildered British wayfarer be perplexed as to the extent of his liberty while in Germany, let him beware of taking as deep a draught of that cordial as he might be inclined to do at home. Let him not, in his extreme perplexity, trust implicitly either landlords or waiters. The editor pleasantly hints that these are mendacious fellows. "It is a good precaution," he says, "to gather information from as many other sources as possible." Finally, if travellers from these islands would escape as little scathed as may be from the perils indicated by the editor, they are bidden to observe many directions, but "above all to conform in their orders and requirements to the manners and habits of the country."

Thus warned and admonished, an Englishman may meekly venture to the Rhine, and there be tolerated and fleeced, according to the evidence of this German editor, who has gone over the old tracks and in the old grooves, and, while telling many things, tells nothing new. Thus, the mere old lions of Bonn, for instance, are duly stirred into liveliness for the benefit of the spectator who, probably, may care for none of them. And yet there are attractions in this university town which no guide-book ever notices. Among these is the ceremony of conferring degrees. We recommend all learned travellers, at least, to witness the making of a Doctor of Philosophy. There is more excitement in it than might be expected, and the hall is open to all comers. The candidate reads his Latin thesis, the arguments of which are combated by an opponent, and then ensues a controversy, or questioning and answering, between the professors, the adversary, and the candidate, the most remarkable feature in which is the readiness and graceful facility with which all these parties employ a colloquial

Latin. In Schlegel's days this was the most interesting feature of the whole ceremony. But this applies only to the occasions when the candidates are German. To these Latin is as familiar almost as their mother-tongue. When English candidates are up, they are seldom able to do more than read their thesis. They have not been taught to employ Latin colloquially, and a special permission from Berlin relieves them (yet not invariably) from that difficulty, in surmounting which the German students frequently reap the greatest distinction.

*Another Letter to a Young Physician: to which are appended some other Medical Papers.* By James Jackson, M.D. (Trübner & Co.)

THOUGH Dr. Jackson's 'Letter to a Young Physician' is not exactly a publication for the drawing-room table, it is one of which we should gladly hear that it had found its way into the hands of every lady in the country. Scarcely any social change is more to be desired than that women should be better instructed on the theory of medicine, and the arts and sciences pertaining to it. Led by custom and curiosity to dabble in physic, they are almost as ignorant of its first principles as were our grandmothers in the tenth degree, who centuries since doctored their children and dependents with specifics compounded of a hundred different ingredients. Natural affection and domestic convenience make them the nurses of the sick, and not unfrequently, in cases of emergency, they are the only ministrants at hand to discharge offices that would properly devolve on a regularly-trained medical adviser. Yet little or no care is taken to procure them information, without which a mother will often be powerless to afford comfort to a child struggling upon her breast with needless suffering. Indeed, a proposal to instruct ladies in nosology and the mysteries of the pharmacopœia would shock the delicacy or excite the ridicule of most persons able to bring about a better state of things. The result of this unwise treatment of an important subject is, that, as a rule, gentlewomen regard a physician's prescription with the same sort of superstition as was formerly expended on amulets and charms, and in pure simplicity believe a dose of medicine to be a mysterious agent capable of driving disease out of the body. If Dr. Allopath's pills are taken previous to the abatement of a fever, to Dr. Allopath's pills the improvement is attributed; if Dr. Homœopath's globule is administered an hour before the advent of a refreshing sleep, Dr. Homœopath's globule gets all the credit of the change for the better; and just as the chamber in which a patient recovers under the kindly efforts of nature has been presided over by Dr. Allopath or Dr. Homœopath, so the one or the other is held by the spectators to be a "wise man." In a particular case this almost blind credulity may be attended with neither good nor evil consequence, but it indicates a state of popular intelligence out of which charlatans have from time immemorial made their profit. The readiness of illogical minds to reason on insufficient data, and embrace the wildest conclusions of "post hoc ergo propter hoc" reasoning, which proclaimed Joanna Stephens a public benefactor, placed Mrs. Mapp in her coach-and-four, bore witness to the cures of Ward and Taylor, and testified that painted nails and slips of wood could draw morbid virus from the human system, did not disappear together with faith in "metallic tractors." It countenanced the obscurities of Mesmer, built Graham's "Temple of Health," upheld the pernicious practices of St. John Long, and in our time furnishes Spirit-Rapping with its thousands of believers.



The time, we trust, is not far distant when a writer of competent attainments and impartial judgment will offer the public a satisfactory history of medicine,—not a compilation wandering over three centuries of scientific darkness, with a show of erudition filched from Le Clerc and Freind; but a sound, honest history of medicine during the last hundred years, referring to the ancient schools only to display the causes of their errors, and having for its chief object the exposition of those facts and principles which, even at the present unsatisfactory stage of medical science, recent investigations have conclusively ascertained. Until public intelligence is better informed both as to what is really known, and as to the means by which we may reasonably hope to attain further knowledge on subjects concerning which no one can be indifferent, ignorant pretenders, be they ambitious knaves or mere self-deluded enthusiasts, will find a submissive crowd of worshippers and victims. In the mean time it is something to have a physician of reputation come forward and frankly avow how far, and under what circumstances, medical science can cope with disease. It is well for the invalid of average education and sagacity to know that one of the most enlightened physicians of the present century admits that all he can effect in the practice of his profession is, in certain cases—such cases being by no means a majority of those that seek his treatment—to assist nature in working her own cure:—

"When a surgeon is called to a man with a broken leg [writes Dr. Jackson], he places the limb of his patient, and in some measure his whole body, in a fixed position, using splints and bandages; and then he watches him from day to day. He does not pretend that the processes of healing in the fractured bone are brought into operation by the splints and bandages, nor by his watching. But he has placed the injured parts under the circumstances most favourable for healing; and he watches that he may guard against everything which can interfere with the salutary operations of nature, as well as that he may give to her any support which he may think that she needs. Just so, the physician, in the larger number of cases under his care, makes it his business to dispose of everything relating to his patients in such a manner as to give the best chance for the salutary operation of the natural powers. A good nurse, it may be said, may do the same. But the qualifications of a well-educated physician must enable him to take the case with much greater advantage."

Testy innovators, who are fond of railing at the intolerance of Orthodox Medicine, will do well to take a lesson of moderation from an orthodox physician.

## NEW NOVELS.

*Miss Gwynne of Woodford.* By Garth Rivers. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—Miss Gwynne of Woodford is a charming woman, and her history is here related in a charming manner, without pretension, without affectation, and without exaggeration. The book is really very pleasant reading. There is just enough of plot to keep up the interest of the story, and not enough to weary and confuse the reader. The heroine is a thoroughly good and lovable woman, doing her duty to her family, to her neighbour, and to herself, without making any ostentatious fuss about it; and yet the author has actually had the strength of mind to refrain from quoting those inevitable lines of Wordsworth's, about—

A creature not too bright and good  
For human nature's daily food.

The fault of the book is the hero. Stephen Forrester is nothing but a sottish country squire, without either mind, heart, or principle, and with the addition of a very bad temper. He is scarcely ever sober. He quarrels with his sister, neglects his wife and child, forsakes his old friends, and even carries on an intrigue with his own cousin, while

she is staying in his house on a visit to his wife and sister. In short, it would have been difficult to depict a more weak, foolish, and despicable man; his only good quality appearing to be a kind of rough, instinctive good nature, and a great respect (for the feeling is not worthy of the name of affection) for his old neighbour and playfellow, Miss Gwynne of Woodford. Yet to this worthless creature the noble-hearted Maud is represented as being devoted throughout her whole life. Her attachment survives his drunkenness, his marriage to another woman, his intrigue with her friend, and all his folly and stupidity; for he has not even one talent to recommend him. She goes to him whenever he deigns to want her; she nurses him when he is ill; she adopts his natural child; and, when the wife is dead, and the mistress otherwise disposed of, she actually (after a little struggle and demur, we own—but still she *does* it) marries him herself! Now, constancy is, doubtless, an excellent thing in woman; but this is surely carrying the joke a little too far. We are, however, led to suppose that some twelve years after his marriage to Maud Gwynne, Stephen Forrester has become a model country gentleman—stout, heavy, and ponderous, sober, dull, and steady, but much respected as a J. P. and a parochial authority; while Maud has turned into "a fine woman," and "takes the lead" among the county families. If such a fate is thought a desirable reward for a whole life of self-abnegation, we can only take leave of Miss Gwynne with regret at losing sight of her, and many thanks for the interest and amusement we have derived from her story. The other characters in the book are equally well portrayed: the saintly High-Church clergyman, Hugh, Maud's brother, who dies; and the merry, natural little Mary, her sister, who marries; the irritable blind father, and the amusing old nurse, all have their merits; and the class of Welsh school-children are described with much drollery. But we cannot conclude without wondering why, in all the novels of the present day, nobody is ever allowed to marry till they have become old, grey, fat, and uninteresting. There is something touching and romantic in the idea of young people of eighteen and sixteen forming unfortunate attachments, and struggling through a year or two of misery, but eventually being made happy, while still in the very bloom of youth and beauty. But now-a-days, nobody begins to be attached till they are getting on in life; and after we have missed several years between each chapter, the *dénouement* never can take place till the poor old hero and heroine have at least one foot in the grave. We feel that however happy they may be in each other's affection, that cannot ward off the attacks of gout, sciatica, and lumbago, to which they must, ere long, be subjected. Dyspepsia, liver complaints, and other infirmities incident to declining years, will, we feel, assail them, in spite of all their sentiment for each other; and we shall be quite relieved when "the fashion comes round" again for the young heroes and youthful heroines of our early days.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Scepticism, a Retrogressive Movement in Theology and Philosophy—as contrasted with the Church of England, Catholic (at once) and Protestant, stable and progressive.* By Lord Lindsay. (Murray.)—A kindly and gentlemanly work with ingenious argumentation, but on a curious basis. The Church of England is "the only legitimate branch and representative in the Latin world of the Mediæval, Primitive, and Apostolic Church! The Roman Church broke off when she claimed infallibility for the private judgment of the reigning Pope; the Continental Protestants, when they asserted the private judgment of the individual Christian." Again—"The Church of England, in other words the Catholic Churches, Apostolic, Primitive, Mediæval, and Modern, as established in England, the same, consistently, without break, yesterday, to-day, and for ever." And this unquity has been obtained by allowing the interpretation of Scripture to reside in "the common consent of the successors of the Apostles, as recorded in the *dicta* of the Six Œcumenical or Universal

Councils, or, more restrictively, of the first Four.' Lord Lindsay has read a good deal, and has given his own views of the schoolmen and all other theologians, even down to our own time. For ourselves, we cannot make the first step: we cannot yield to the authority of General Councils.

*Philosophia Ultima.* By C. W. Shields. (Philadelphia, Lippincott & Co.)—PHILOSOPHIA ULTIMA: 1. Scientia Scientiarum; 2. Ars Scientiarum; 3. Scientia Artium. And why is poor *Ars Artium* to be excluded? "My unfortunate client—," a barrister once began, and stopped to cough—"Go on, Sir!" said a malicious judge; "so far as you have yet gone the Court is with you." Our Court is with Mr. Shields so long as he describes the miserable condition of philosophy and theology, both in an inextricable net. But when he comes to his proposals of relief, we begin to feel lost. Every science is to be divided into rational and revealed,—astronomy and geology, for instance. On this point of the Appendix—which is a summary—we staked our chance of understanding something of our author's meaning. We looked carefully for an elucidation of this distinction: and we failed. "Astronomy, for instance, is both discoverable and revealable, though in unequal proportions, being at once a human system of celestial physics, and a divine manifestation of our Father who is in the heavens." Into what two parts does this divide astronomy?

*A Survey of Human Progress.* By Neil Arnot, M.D. (Longman & Co.)—Dr. Arnot, always zealous and acute, cannot be reviewed without a disquisition on what knowledge is, and what it is for. The bearing of his work is on education, and he has not been able to arrive at any idea of what classical education is intended for. The root of his system is knowledge—plenty of it. "The greatest sum of knowledge acquired with the least trouble is that which comes with the study of the general and simple truths of science."—What for? this is the question we cannot find answered. The great question of education is not what is got, but *how*, and with what creation of power. That knowledge is power is no more true than that powder and shot are grouse in August and partridges in September. The first will lead to the second, if the possessor should know where to go and what to do. Hereby hangs a great question: and if any one will read Dr. Arnot, always readable, with these considerations in his head, many points of this question will suggest themselves.

*Lectures on Natural History.* By Edward Jesse, Esq. *Delivered at the Fisherman's Home, Brighton.* (Booth.)—This is another of the gossip compilations of Mr. Jesse. For the accuracy of his science he appeals to the authority of Prof. Owen, who has read and approved of several of these Lectures. Th occasion on which they were delivered disarms criticism, if there were anything in them to provoke it, except, perhaps, the lax use of such important words as "language" and "instinct," which are often employed without much thought or precision. But the Lectures are full of curious statements and amusing anecdotes, and whilst highly instructive and interesting to the seafaring men to whom they were addressed, are worth reading by anybody. These Lectures belong to a series of efforts which have been made of late years for the improvement of the Brighton fishermen and boatmen, coast loafers and Esplanade touters. For several years past some of the arches built in the face of the cliff, and under the King's Road, have been set apart as a chapel, a Sunday-school, and a reading-room, for the benefit of the fishermen and their families; and attempts have been made to lecture them into habits of prudence and frugality by explaining to them the advantages of savings-banks and life insurance. In the reading-room there are newspapers for the use of the fishermen and boatmen who can read, and for the entertainment of those who cannot, and certain gentlemen of the town, in turn, spend an hour occasionally in reading aloud from books during the long winter evenings. Mr. Jesse was kind enough to compose these Lectures to inaugurate the readings, and they are now sold for the behoof of the institution, which is miscalled a "home." However far the reader

may be from admiring the theological platitudes which garnish this, like most popular books on Natural History, they may be excused in an author who concludes his last lecture by stating that he has entered his eighty-first year. An increased vigilance on the part of the police having accompanied the means employed for the amelioration of the manners of the boatmen of the Brighton beach, visitors during the present season remark with pleasure that they are now less intrusive and offensive, drunken and quarrelsome, than they were of old. The new generation of them can read and write.

*Coheleth*, commonly called the *Book of Ecclesiastes*. Translated from the Original Hebrew, with a Commentary, Historical and Critical, by Christian D. Ginsberg. (Longman & Co.)—"No!—read it through."—"Then we won't read any." The first sentence was the answer of the author of an elaborate work to the demand for an index: the second was the rejoinder of the educated world. Not a bit of index to this bulky and learned monograph, and table of contents of less than a hundred words! This is too bad. The author has collected from all quarters, and says he has spent seven years of labour upon it: we wish he had given one month to an index. "*Coheleth*," according to him, is a *female collector*: the work is not by Solomon, though speaking through an impersonation of him. The design of the book is to explain the difficulties of the moral government of God, and to show that happiness is to be found in calm enjoyment of life, resignation, piety, and belief in a future state. The book is well worth the attention of the theological critic; but once more, in the name of all that is mentionable,—we are almost tempted to go further,—why no Index?

*The Mechanics of Construction, including the Theories of the Strength of Materials, Roofs, Arches, and Suspension Bridges*. By S. Fenwick. (Bell & Daldy.)—The author, who is attached to the Woolwich Academy, has given a very satisfactory treatise. In this subject, when a person who is known to be a good elementary writer publishes a work for students, almost the only grave question that remains is, whether his command of recent information be good. Mr. Fenwick has cited a dozen of the most modern writers, and we find that he has used them, and others as well. We have no doubt that this book will be found to be very serviceable.

*Suggestions on Popular Education*. By Nassau W. Senior. (Murray.)—This book is making its way, as we see and hear. It is essence of Blue-book, arranged, readable, and furnished with conclusions. It is the argument of one of the Commissioners on Education woven into the facts which the Commission collected. It cannot be reviewed alone: but it must occupy a place in the heading of any deliberate article of our period.

*One Thousand Arithmetical Tests; or, the Examiner's Assistant*. By T. S. Cozyer. (Griffith & Farran.)—Mr. Cozyer's idea is new, and may be useful. He divides the arithmetical rules wanted into forty heads; and he gives a set of twenty-five examination papers, from A to Z, with forty questions in each, one in each rule. Thus, as he says, the quarry may be worked either horizontally or vertically. Take a letter, and go through the numbers; there is an examination paper on questions of each kind: take a number, and carry it through the letters, and there is a collection of questions on some one rule.

*Arithmetical Examples*. Part I. By W. Davis, B.A. (Longman & Co.)—This book says it contains 135,000 questions from Numeration to Compound Proportion. The answers are to follow in a key.

*Ratios, Concrete and Abstract*. By H. McColl. (Whittaker & Co.)—A substitute for the fifth book of Euclid, quite accurate in principle, for it substitutes an unlimited power of bisection for an unlimited power of multiplication. The author is master of his subject: but we are not inclined to substitute any method for that of Euclid, which may be made, we think, the simplest of any. The author proposes a second part, in which algebra is to be founded on the notion and language of general ratio: we recommend him to stick to

pure number as the basis. A contemporary, in giving some account of this work, by a lapse, made Mr. McColl say against the fifth book of Euclid itself all that he really said against inaccurate substitutes for it. This must vex an author: what would a divine say, who by mistake of a reviewer, had his description of Simon Magus transferred to St. Peter?

*The Memory Work of Arithmetic*. By W. Davis, B.A. (Longman & Co.)—Definitions, tables and rules: a trifling quantity, though in a small book. But Mr. Davis should have distinguished between what is to come into memory by practice and what is to be learnt by rote.

*The Projection and Calculation of the Sphere*. By S. M. Saxby, R.N. (Longman & Co.)—A mixture of instructions in projection and in calculation, for young seamen. It is a book which can only be judged of by its results; and the author, instructor of the Steam Reserve, will have the means of giving it a fair trial, or of procuring one. There is much in small space, neatly packed.

*Elementary Geometrical Drawing*. Part II. By S. H. Winter. (Longman & Co.)—This part contains descriptive geometry; the drawings and explanations are both clear.

Travellers in France and other parts of the Continent, whose knowledge of conversational French may be deficient, cannot have a better help than *The Practical Guide to Modern French Conversation*, by F. E. A. Gasc. (Bell & Daldy.)—It contains the purest French of the present day, both for ordinary conversation and such as is likely to occur in travelling. Two additions have been made to the "Oxford Pocket Classics": *Cicero's Orations—The Oration for Milo, with short English Notes, for the use of Schools* (Parker), and *Cæsar De Bello Gallico, Cæsar's Commentaries, Book I.—III., with short English Notes, for the use of Schools* (Parker). Both are good, though we prefer the former. Even the latter is superior to *C. Julii Cæsaris Commentariorum de Bello Gallico, Libri IV., from the Text of Herzog*, by Rev. J. R. Major, M.A. (Tegg), the notes in which are of no great value. The titles of the two following need no explanation:—*Guide to the Army—Competitive Examinations; being a Compendium of Practical Hints for Candidates with reference to Schools, Allowances, Outfits, and other Expenses, together with Extracts from the Examination Papers, Official Rules and Regulations, and all other necessary Information*, by Capt. A. H. Hutchinson (Stanford); and *Chinese and Indo-European Roots and Analogies*, by P. E. Chase (Low), a paper read before the American Philosophical Society.

Of publications of a religious nature we have received:—"Another Gospel" examined; or a Popular Criticism of each of the Seven 'Essays and Reviews' (Walker),—Part II. of *Exeter Hall versus British India* (Hatchard),—*The Apocalypse expounded by Scripture*, by Matheetes (Nisbet),—*Miracles not Antecedently Incredible: an Examination of Prof. Powell's Argument in 'Essays and Reviews'*, by Rev. W. A. O'Connor (Parker),—*A Reply to the Letter entitled 'The Suppression of Doubt is not Faith,'* by "One who doubts not, but fully believes that the Bible is the Word of God" (Parker),—*The Cherubim: What Do They Mean?* by Matheetes (Nisbet),—*Anti-Essays: the 'Essays and Reviews' Fallacious and Futile, "at variance with each other and mutually destructive,"* by the Rev. C. H. Davis (Simpkin),—*Econerari Animam; or, One Radical Reformer's Way of Thinking: containing a Few Suggestions touching the 'Essays and Reviews,'* as appreciated by Convocation, and *The Discrepancy between Genuine and Vulgar Christianity, still requiring Reformation*, by J. B. Humberley (Manwaring),—*Some Notes on the First Chapter of Genesis, with Reference to Statements in 'Essays and Reviews,'* by the Rev. A. McCaul (Wertheim),—*Streaks of Light; or, Fifty-two Facts from the Bible*, by the Author of 'Peep of Day' (Hatchard),—*Prayers for Family Worship*, by the Rev. Dr. Lee (Hamilton),—*The Rev. F. Garden on The Atonement as a Fact and as a Theory*,—and the Rev. J. L. Davis on *The Signs of the Kingdom of Heaven*, being Nos. III. and IV. of "Tracts for Priests and People" (Macmillan),—*The Grievance and the Remedy: an Essay in Verse*, by Expectans (Hardwicke),—and *The Doctrines of Jesus and*

*Roman Catholic Writers on Homicide, Theft, Perjury and other Crimes* (Protestant Alliance).

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bacon's Life and Correspondence, ed. 8vo. 14s. cl.  
Bohn's Eng. Gent. Lib. 'Montagu's Lady W.' Letters, &c. 7s. 6d.  
Bohn's Illus. Lib. 'Selous's Life, by Southey, with Notes,' &c. 7s. 6d.  
Book of Trades, 13th ed. 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Calmet's Dic. of Holy Bible, by Taylor, 14d. imperial 8vo. 12s. cl.  
Caron's First French Reading-Book, 12mo. 1s. cl.  
Cavour, a Memoir, by Dilecy, or 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.  
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#### BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE British Archeological Association held its Eighteenth Annual Congress at Exeter, from the 19th to the 24th of the present month, under the presidency of Sir Stafford H. Northcote, Bart., M.P. Everything favoured the success of the meeting, for the weather was most propitious for the various excursions in a country full of antiquarian interest; the members who attended were numerous, and met with a hearty reception from the leading citizens; and the papers contributed and read during the week were numerous and good. On the Monday, the members of the Association were received rather ceremoniously by the Mayor of Exeter, who invited them to a handsome collation of wine and fruit in the Council-room at the Guildhall, which collation is understood to have been paid for by the Local Committee. Sir Stafford Northcote's inaugural address was rather long, but effective, and gave general satisfaction. He dwelt, perhaps, too much on British, Druidical, and Phœnician antiquities, and on archeological theories now exploded, especially as this branch of archeology came very little into the business of the week. On the first day of the meeting, the Devon and Exeter Institution took the lead in that fraternal sympathy which was shown by all the Local Societies to the Metropolitan Association, by giving them a *Soirée* in their rooms in the Cathedral-yard, at which a paper was read 'On the Architectural History of the Cathedral,' by Mr. Davis, who led the visitors over the Cathedral next morning, and explained its architectural peculiarities on the spot. On this day (Tuesday) the President received the Association at his seat at Pynes, and gave them a very handsome entertainment; and they proceeded thence to Crediton, to inspect the rather interesting church of that town, the earlier site of the episcopal see now established at Exeter. On Wednesday, the Association made a long excursion to visit the interesting remains of Ford Abbey, and on their way back they took Ottery St. Mary, where they received a very hospitable entertainment from Sir John Coleridge, and afterwards visited the church; some critical remarks were made on the restorations made in it by Sir John, which appeared not to meet with his approval. On Thursday, the excursion lay in South Devon, and included the Early English church of Hacombe, Compton Castle, Torr Abbey, Torquay, and the celebrated Kent's Cavern, which, however, was only visited by a small party, in consequence of the lateness of the hour and an inopportune shower of rain. On Friday, the Association visited Tiverton, Collumpton, Bradfield House, where they were received with profuse hospitality by J. Walrond Walrond, Esq., and Bradninch Manor-house; and on Saturday they went, by way of Totness, down the beautiful estuary of the Dart, to visit the ancient town of Dartmouth, taking on their way Dartington Hall, one of the finest examples of domestic archi-





number for October 30th, 1847 [No. 1044, p. 1127]. But three years later I gave a full reply in the Appendix to my 'Enquiry into M. Antoine d'Abbadie's Journey to Kaffa to discover the Source of the Nile,' where it took up as much as ten octavo pages closely printed in small type.

Apart from all questions respecting that journey, I asserted in my 'Enquiry,' and have since reiterated in my recently-published work, 'The Sources of the Nile,' my conviction that the Godjeb is the head-stream, or one of the head-streams, of the Sobat, and not of the Tubiri.

Since the time of the Turco-Egyptian expeditions up the Nile the Sobat has been partially explored, but nothing positive respecting its upper course was ascertained till very recently.

The number of Dr. Petermann's *Geographische Mittheilungen* for May last (1861, part v. pp. 171—173), contains two communications from Monsignor Massaia, Apostolic Vicar for the Gallas, and Father Léon des Avanchers, dated Kaffa, the 12th and 14th October, 1860, which furnish information respecting the Sobat, not only confirmatory of my views generally, but corresponding in a remarkable degree with the particulars recorded in Omar's map. Without deeming it necessary to repeat all that the two missionaries say, I will give here a few of the most material passages in Msgr. Massaia's communication, the order of which passages I have slightly varied, for the purpose of connecting the whole and rendering it more intelligible.

It must be premised that in the year 1859 Father Léon, who had previously been at Zanzibar and along the east coast of Africa, travelled through Abessinia and the Galla Country southward to join his principal, who was then in Gera, an independent kingdom lying to the south-west of Enarea (see Omar's map); and in May, 1860, the two missionaries reached Kaffa. They there learned the following particulars respecting the Sobat, which river is, in their opinion, "the true White Nile of Ptolemy":—

"Following the course of the Sobat (writes Msgr. Massaia) from its junction with the main stream of the Nile upwards towards the south, it is found to have two principal arms, of which the left [or more northerly] one is the Barro of the Gallas."—"It is the deeper of the two, receiving numerous affluents from the countries of Filawi, Mucha, Kaffa, and Gobo."—"The valley between Filawi and Mucha is that of the river Berber, which receives the waters of Gobba, Wallaga, &c., and falls into the Barro."—"South of the junction [with the Berber] the Barro receives three large tributaries coming from Kaffa, and skirts the base of the mountains of Gimira (provinces of Kaffa, whose native names are Na-ho, Kuicho, Chero, Ichéno, Kabo-iano.) This is not very clear, but it is a literal translation of the original. "The inhabitants of the banks [of the river] are the Surro, who are independent of Kaffa, but dwell in that country."—"The river is visible from the mountains of Kaffa at the distance of one day's journey."—"After passing Kaffa the river turns a little towards the east, and bathes the foot of the mountains of Gobo and Kuicho, the inhabitants of which latter country make frequent expeditions towards the west." Therefore Kuicho must lie to the west of Gobo, as "Koisho" is made to do in Omar's map. "In the centre of the plateau south of Gobo, and visible from the summit of the mountains, is a lake or marsh, from which the Barro issues."—"This lake is said to be three or four days' journey southward of Kaffa."

Omar's map, as will be perceived, is a sufficient guide to the description thus given of the course of the Sobat or Barro, by him called Godjé, and by myself and others Godjeb. At the point beyond Gobo, where Omar represents the union of several streams, the "lake or marsh" of the missionaries must be situated. The two are nowise inconsistent. In page 15 of 'The Sources of the Nile,' already referred to, I have said, "On a comparison of evidence (somewhat conflicting, it is true) it would also appear that along the course of the Godjeb there is a large lake or a series of lakes or marshes"; referring in a foot-note to the *Journ. Roy. Geogr. Soc.*, vol. xvii. p. 62, and to my map in vol. xiii.

of the same journal. When I received in Mauritius a proof of the 'General Map of the Basin of the Nile,' inserted in my said work, on comparing it with the text I found that this lake had been overlooked, and I immediately wrote to England requesting that it might be inserted in the map; but my instructions arrived too late.

From my map I have taken a few particulars, and added them in dotted lines to Omar's map as now given. These are the course of the river Shol of M. Brun-Rollet, corresponding with Msgr. Massaia's second principal arm of the Sobat coming from the south, and that of the river 'Berber,' with its tributary the Gaba ("Gobba") coming from Wallaga. In my map the Berber bears the name of Baro, which the missionaries say is the proper designation of the main stream of the Sobat. This latter in its upper course is in my map named Bako, and afterwards Godjeb or Uma, while the Shol is treated as the direct upper course of the Sobat. These little differences, which do not in the slightest degree affect the courses of the several rivers themselves, are quite immaterial. If "Baro" be another name for the main stream of the Sobat below the junction of the Berber, Godjeb and Shol, it is perfectly intelligible how that name (or indeed both names) should be attributed to each one of the three affluents by the people dwelling on their banks respectively. In my work already cited I have instanced the successive application of the name "Nile" to the three principal tributaries of that river, the *As'aboras* or *Atbara*, the *As'tapus* or *Abai*, and the *Asta-sobas* or *Sobat*.

Whatever names may be eventually attached to the several head-streams of the Sobat, we have now the satisfaction of knowing that Kaffa, Enarea and the neighbouring countries are all situate within the basin of that great tributary of the Nile; the water-parting of which, like that of the Blue River, has consequently to be placed along the fortieth meridian east of Greenwich, or thereabouts. How far the basin of the Sobat extends southward cannot yet be determined: it depends on the exploration of its southernmost branch, the Shol.

With your permission, I purpose availing myself of some future opportunity to make a few remarks on the opinion expressed by Msgr. Massaia and Father Léon des Avanchers, that "the Sobat is the true White Nile of Ptolemy." On the present occasion I will confine myself to directing attention to the fact, that the former of those missionaries, writing from Kaffa, has now, after eighteen years, testified to the accuracy of the information furnished by "my poor friend, Omar, whom I always looked on as a very honest fellow" [see *Athen.* No. 1044, p. 1127; No. 1105, p. 1330; 'Enquiry,' p. 48], and whom I have now more reason than ever for believing to be one.

CHARLES BEKE.

#### COLERIDGE'S MANUSCRIPT OF SCHILLER'S PICCOLOMINI.

August 12, 1861.

My letter on Mr. Gillman's Manuscript of 'Wallenstein,' in No. 1755 of the *Athenæum*, has led to the discovery of another authentic Schiller manuscript in this country. It is a complete and accurate copy of the 'Piccolomini,' in the original form of the drama, verified and corrected by Schiller's own hand, and has been entrusted to me for examination by the liberal courtesy of its present possessor, Mr. Henry R. Mark, of 17, Highbury Crescent.

Like Mr. Gillman's manuscript, this, too, is a thin volume in folio. It consists of twenty-six leaves of double columns, like the twenty-four leaves of the Gillman manuscript. The writing is again in English characters, but not by the same hand which copied Mr. Gillman's 'Wallenstein.' A piece of penmanship more neat, more painstaking, and more exact than this copy of the 'Piccolomini,' I have rarely, if ever, met with. An English friend to whom I showed the volume, paid me, jestingly, the flattering compliment that, in his opinion, such a calligraphic feat could only be performed by a German, or—a Chinese.

The writing of Schiller's verification on the last page (likewise in English characters) is far from

anything Chinese; but quite in the grand, bold and soaring style which we had to admire in the writing of the verification of Mr. Gillman's book. The wording is slightly different. It runs thus:—

"Dieses Schauspiel ist nach meiner eigenen Handschrift copiert und von mir durchgesehen. Solches bezeugt hiemit. Jena, 30 September, 1799."

—the date, it will be remarked, being the same, on which the poet verified the copy of 'Wallenstein' in Mr. Gillman's possession. The corrections and alterations in the body of the manuscript (also in Schiller's own hand) are considerably less in number and importance than those in Mr. Gillman's 'Wallenstein.' They are, as far as I have observed, only emendations of the (very rare) mistakes of the copier. Improvements upon the text, entirely cancelled words and passages, &c., do not occur. Nor have I found anything in the shape of the pencil-marks, which, in 'Wallenstein,' bear witness to the labour of the translator.

The history of the manuscript, so far as I have been able to ascertain it, is this:—Mr. Mark was presented with the volume, about thirty years ago, by a Mr. Clarke, a merchant in the City, who, for his part, had held it as a gift, for at least fifteen or twenty years, from Mr. Winter, Secretary to the (then) Patriotic Fund, Lothbury. How Mr. Winter happened to acquire it, and whether or not he was an acquaintance of S. T. Coleridge, Mr. Mark cannot say. The manuscript, by external evidence, cannot be traced back, like Mr. Gillman's, into Coleridge's hands.

Nevertheless, I have not myself the slightest doubt that it was, originally, the property of Coleridge, and that, in fact, it is the very copy of the 'Piccolomini' from which he translated,—the longest companion volume to the manuscript of Mr. Gillman. Who, besides Coleridge, should have been the possessor, in this country, of a manuscript copy of the 'Piccolomini,' verified by Schiller exactly on the same day on which he verified Coleridge's manuscript of 'Wallenstein,' now in the hands of Mr. Gillman? Indeed, the whole character of the two attestations strongly impresses me with the opinion that they were written at the same moment and with the same pen. They are so strikingly alike that the mere sight of them almost obviates the necessity of tracing the channels through which the 'Piccolomini' manuscript passed from Coleridge's hands into those of its present possessor. Coleridge's careless habits and frequent movings easily account for his having lost so interesting a document,—the voucher of one of his own most interesting literary labours. His translation of the 'Piccolomini,' I must not omit to mention, follows the manuscript of Mr. Mark with the greatest fidelity,—almost line for line.

The manuscript has been collated by me, this time, not only with the various readings of the Berlin manuscript, as published by Herr von Maltzahn, but also with a copy of the second original edition of 'Wallenstein,' which appeared at Tübingen in September 1800, three months after the publication of the first edition, of which it is, in fact, an unaltered reprint. The result of my examination, without entering too much into detail, is as follows:—

1. As to the arrangement of the acts and scenes, it is again the same in both manuscripts. I have discovered only one slight deviation. Octavio's words—

Die Sachen liegen der Entwicklung nah,  
Und eh' der Tag, der eben jetzt am Himmel  
Verhängnissvoll herabrückt, t' untergeht,  
Muss ein entscheidend Loos gefallen sein—

wind up, in the London copy, the second scene of the third act, (just as they close, in the printed book, the second scene of the fifth act,) while, in the Berlin copy, they are the first of the following scene, thus addressed to Max, and not to the departing Cornet. The Berlin arrangement seems preferable.

2. All the important passages not adopted by Schiller in the printed editions, and first published by Herr von Maltzahn from the Berlin manuscript, are likewise contained in the London copy.

† Thus, in conformity with the printed editions, the word reads in the London manuscript. The Berlin manuscript has *hereinbricht*.

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3. Among the differences between the two manuscripts, those occasioned by various readings of smaller significance are not very frequent. Mostly, it would seem, they originate in a want of accuracy on the part of the Berlin copier. Thus, for instance, when we read in the Berlin manuscript,—

ACT I., SCENE II.

Und wir um so viel Unterthanen ärmer!

ACT I., SCENE XI.

Die Geisterleiter, die aus dieser Welt des Raubes  
Bis in die Sternenswelt, &c.

—it is easily seen from the context that the words in italics cannot have been written so, but by some clerical error, which must have escaped Schiller's notice. The London manuscript, in common with the printed book, has "Und wird um so viel," &c., and "Welt des Staubes." The reading of the Berlin manuscript (ACT II., SCENE VII.): "Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht und Macht," is certainly no improvement upon the common reading, (given, also, in the London manuscript): "Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht."

4. A more important difference, and indeed a highly characteristic one, is established by those passages which Herr von Maltzahn indicates as not to be found in the Berlin manuscript, while they occur in the first (and, therefore, too, in the unaltered second) printed edition. Of the seventy-five passages (if I have counted right) which are thus wanting in the Berlin 'Piccolomini,' forty-seven are wanting, also, in the London copy, whereas the latter gives entirely the twenty-eight remaining ones. Among these, there are several not only of considerable length, but also of great poetical beauty; such, for instance, as the dialogue between Max, Thekla and the Countess Terzky (ACT II., SCENE IV.), with Thekla's description of the astrological tower; and the conversation between Neumann and the Kellmeister (ACT II., SCENE XII.), in which the worthy old domestic gives his fine interpretation of the emblems of the great Service-cup. Passages like these, it will be observed, are more of an epic and lyric than of a dramatic stamp. However beautiful in reading, yet, on the stage, they stem the current of the action, and must decidedly be signalled as *longueurs*. It is evident why passages of this nature were suppressed by Schiller in the Berlin book, which served as a stage manuscript, and why he did not suppress them in the London copy, which was intended for a literary purpose. The London manuscript, we must not forget, is five weeks older than the Berlin one.

5. Another difference, which must be assigned to the same reason, is this:—The struck-out passages of the Berlin manuscript (I have counted nineteen) are not struck out in the London copy.

6. The sixth scene of the first act is suppressed in the Berlin copy. In the London copy it is not so; but, while the dialogue of the servants, in the printed edition, (where the scene corresponds with the first of the second act,) is in iambs, the London copy lets them speak in plain prose:—

ERSTER BEDIENTER.—(mit einem Raschfuss herumgehend.) Greift an. Macht dass ein Ende wird. Ich höre die Wache in's Gewehr rufen. Sie werden den Augenblick da seyn.

ZWEITER BEDIENTER. Warum sagte man uns aber auch nicht eher, dass die Audienz hier seyn sollte. Es war auch gar nichts darauf eingerichtet.

DRITTER BEDIENTER. Ja! warum ist die Erkerstube commandirt worden, die mit der grossen gewirkten Tapete, die sieht doch nach was aus!

ERSTER BEDIENTER. Das frag den Mathematikus. Der sagt, es sey ein unglückliches Zimmer.

† A curious mistake of Coleridge, occurring in this scene, has hitherto remained unnoticed, I believe. The Kellmeister says:—

Drum waren meine Ahnherrn Taboriten,  
Und dienten unter dem Prokop und Ziska—  
—a passage which Coleridge (translating, by-the-by, the whole of the Kellmeister's iambs in prose), has rendered thus:

So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska.

That the author of 'The Ancient Mariner' was not acquainted with the Saxonian expression "drum," we must not blame him for; but how are we to explain the strangely erroneous translation of "Taboriten" by "minstrels"? Should it not have struck Coleridge (Procopius and Ziska, moreover, might have given him the hint, that the Taborites were a branch of the followers of Huss? He seems to have had some vague idea of "Taboriten" being men with tabors. "Tabor," a musical instrument, an emblem of minstrelsy, therefore "Taboriten," minstrels.

ZWEITER BEDIENTER. Ei, Narrenpossen! Das heisst die Leute scheren! Saal ist Saal! Was kann der Ort viel bei der Sache bedeuten?

7. It is the same with the few words which the servants have to say in the twelfth scene of the second act. This scene, besides, presents us with a little piece of dry fun, neither to be found in the printed editions nor in the Berlin manuscript. After the Kellmeister's admonition:—

Ein ordentlicher

Bedienter muss kein Ohr für so was haben!

—we read the following:—

ZWEITER BEDIENTER.—(zum Lauffer, dem er eine Weinflasche zusteckt, immer den Kellmeister im Aug behaltend, und zwischen diesen und den Bedienten sich stellend.) Geschwind, Thoms! Eh der Kellmeister hersieht.—Eine Flasche Frontignac.—Hab sie am dritten Tisch westitipitz.—Bist du fertig?

LAUFER. Nur fort! 'Sist richtig!

[Zweiter Bedienter geht.

DRITTER BEDIENTER.—(bei Seite zum ersten.) Pass ja wohl auf, Johann, &c.

—and, at the bottom of the page, immediately after Neumann's gentle rebuke to the Kellmeister for his having spoken slightly of the Spaniards, the interlude of John Thomas and the bottle quietly winds up as follows:—

KELLMEISTER.—(sieht dem Lauffer die Flasche aus der Tasche.) Mein Sohn, du wirst's zerbrechen!

The son of the Taborites, one sees, had his eyes everywhere, even while explaining emblems, and giving vent to his feelings against the "Hispanier" and "Welschen." In a preceding line (I may as well mention here)—

Doch seit der Grätzer über uns regiert...

he says, in the London copy, "der Steiermärker," instead of "der Grätzer."

8. There occur a few more passages in the London copy which are neither to be found in the printed editions nor in the Berlin manuscript. The first (ACT II., SCENE XIII.),—

TIEFENBACH. Sie gab den besten Tisch im Bühlerlande.  
OCTAVIO.—(sehr zu Maradas.)

Erzeigt mir den Gefallen, spricht mit mir—  
Wovon Ihr wollt—thut nur als ob Ihr spricht—  
Ich mag nicht gern allein stehen, und vermute  
Es wird hier vieles zu bemerken geben.

(Er behält ein Aug über der ganzen nachfolgenden Scene.)  
is inserted between the words of Götz: "Gott hab' sie selig! Das war eine Hausfrau!" and Isolani's command "Lichter! Lichter!" The second (*ibid.*),—

TERZKY.—(sieht dem Isolani zu, der heftig mit der Hand zittert und lange mit seinem Namen zuhörig.)

Habt Ihr den garstigen Zufall da schon lang,  
Herr Bruder? Schafft ihn fort.

ISOLANI. Die Jungens!—  
Stahlbäder hab' ich schon gebraucht. Was hilft's?

stands between the line spoken by Götz: "Ja wohl! der Schwed' frug nach der Jahreszeit nichts!" and the stage-direction: "Terzky reicht das Papier," &c. The third (*ibid.*),—

OCTAVIO.—(der den Maradas an Butlern präsentiert.)  
Don Balthasar Maradas! Auch ein Mann  
Von unserm Schlag und Euer Verehrer lingst.

(Butler verbeugt sich.  
precedes Octavio's address to Butler:—"Ihr seyd hier fremd," &c. (not found in the printed editions, but given in both manuscripts); and the last (ACT IV., SCENE I.):—

SENI.—(ist herabgekommen). In einem Eckhause, Höheit.  
Das bedenke!  
Das jeden Segen doppelt kräftig macht.

WALLENSTEIN. Und Mond und Sonne im gesechten Schein,  
Das milde mit dem heft' gen Licht. So lieb' ich's.

Sol ist das Herz, Luna das Hirn des Himmels,  
Kühn sey's bedacht und feurig sey's vollführt—

fills the place between Wallenstein's words,—"Und bringen ihn am Himmel mir gefangen," and Seni's reply,—

—"Und beide grosse Lumina von keinem," &c. The scenic directions, too, at the beginning of the fourth act are more explicit in the London manuscript than in the Berlin one and the printed editions. I give them at full length:—

"Vierter Aufzug. Ein Zimmer zu astrologischen Arbeiten eingerichtet und mit Himmelscharten, Globen, Fernröhren, Quadranten und andern mathematischen Geräthe versehen. Sieben colossale Bilder, die Planeten

† All the above passages are wanting in the collections of Supplements to Schiller's works published by Boas and Hoffmeister. Nor have I ever met with them in any other place. It would appear, therefore, that they are here printed for the first time.

vorstellend, jedes einen transparenten Stern von verschiedener Farbe über dem Haupt, stehen in einem Halbkreis im Hintergrund, so dass Mars und Saturn dem Auge die nächsten sind. Das übrige ist in dem vierten Auftritt des zweiten Acts angegeben. Diese Bilder müssen durch einen Vorhang dem Auge entzogen werden können. (Im fünften Auftritt, Wallensteins mit Wrangel, dürfen sie nicht gesehen werden, in der siebenten Scene aber müssen sie ganz oder zum Theil wieder sichtbar seyn.) Erster Auftritt. Wallenstein (vor einer schwarzen Tafel, worauf ein Speculum astrologicum mit Kreide gezeichnet ist). Seni observirt durch ein Fenster."

The above, to the best of my judgment, are the principal individual features, upon the merit of which the London manuscript may claim a place and an importance of its own. For the editors of the future critical edition of Schiller's works it will be fully as valuable as Mr. Gillman's Manuscript of 'Wallenstein.' If, in the interest of literature, I may be permitted to express a wish, it is this—that the two manuscripts which I have been fortunate enough to draw forth from their fifty years' obscurity may, ere long, be saved from all possible future chances and mishaps of private possession, and be re-united, after their long separation, on the shelves of some public library.

One question remains to be solved: What has become of Coleridge's copy of Wallenstein's 'Lager'? For, although Coleridge has not translated the 'Lager,' yet it is evident, from his preface to the first edition of the translation of 'Wallenstein,' that the manuscript of "the Prelude in one act" was likewise in his hands. Where, then, if it is still in existence, does it hide itself? It may be as well to put this question once more, although this time, I fear, with very little hope of any result.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

#### CODICI OF THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.

Newington Butts, Surrey.

THE number of Codici of the Divina Commedia existing in European libraries may be estimated at upwards of five hundred. The majority of these are found, as might be expected, in Italy. Florence and the Tuscan cities contain at least two hundred of them; Northern Italy has about one hundred; Rome and the Roman States have about eighty; Naples and Sicily very few indeed, probably not more than ten: thus making, in all, about three hundred and ninety codici in Italy. After Italy, England appears to possess the largest number of codici, between sixty and seventy. Lord Ashburnham's collection is stated at eighteen. The Bodleian Library at Oxford, enriched by the purchase of the Canonici collection of Venice, numbers fifteen codici. Our British Museum Library has twelve. The library of Lord Vernon at Sudbury Hall, that of the Earl of Leicester at Holkham, and of Sir Thomas Phillips at Middle Hill, contain several; there are a few in other private libraries in England and Scotland, and there is one in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow.

In France there are about forty known codici; the greater number of which, thirty-two, are in the National Library at Paris.

In Spain and Portugal there are about twelve known codici.

In Germany there are very few. Vienna, in 1850, had only two, one of which was a mere miniature curiosity; the other that which had once belonged to the Prince Eugene of Savoy. Berlin had only one; Dresden only one; Frankfurt one; Belgium two; Denmark has three. Breslau is said to have three; Goerlitz in Prussia, one; Stuttgart, one; Poland one: these latter I have not seen. There are, probably, a few others in the north of Europe, making the whole somewhat more than five hundred.

In estimating the importance of Codici it is usual to consider those in the Laurenziana at Florence as taking the lead. Batines, in his 'Bibliografia Dantesca,' gives one hundred and fifty-nine codici as the number contained in the public libraries of Florence, including the Palatina. Of these codici the Laurenziana contains eighty-seven, which is more than those of all the others put together. But although the codici in the Laurenziana are so numerous, the most important are only eight, and these have a relative value among themselves. The Magliabechiana has thirty-six codici; the Riccardiana contains the same number;



the Palatina had fourteen. There are other codici in private libraries; that of Mr. Seymour Kirkup has five.

Of some fifteen or sixteen known codici distributed over Tuscany, Siena possesses six.

The number of codici in the libraries of Rome is about seventy; sixty-three of these I have examined, as also a few others in the Roman States, at Ravenna, Perugia, &c. There are in the Library of the Vatican several very important codici, the value of which has by some been underrated. Of the collections in the north of Italy, that at Milan is the largest, consisting of about thirty-three codici, of which twenty-two are in the Biblioteca Trivulziana. After Milan comes Venice; the Biblioteca Marciana, according to Batines, contains twenty-two codici, but when last there I could only find nineteen; the best of these is the Codice Marciano, No. cclxxvi. At Padua there are four codici; at Pavia one; and at Treviso one. At Modena, in the late Ducal Library, I could find only five codici—Batines mentions six; but at Parma, where he describes only three, I found four. The codici of the late Marquis Landi, which he showed me with much courtesy at Piacenza in 1851, bears the date 1336, only fifteen years after Dante's death: it is a very important codice, though, unfortunately, the original readings have in many places been altered.

The greater number of the codici of the Divina Commedia extant date from the middle of the 14th century to the middle of the 15th; very few are earlier than the former period, though many are later than the latter, and a few as late as the middle of the 16th century. There are several very good codici in the National Library at Paris, among them may be mentioned that which once belonged to Pope Pius VI., and is numbered "*Ponds de Reserve*," No. 10. Also the codice No. 4,148, written in 1351 by Bettino di Pila, and obtained from the Biblioteca Giustina of Padua. The codici Nos. 4,150, 4,154, and 7,255, are also deserving of special notice. There is a good codice in the Library of the School of Medicine at Montpellier. The one formerly at Carpentras has disappeared, nobody knows when, how, or where.

The codici of the Divina Commedia in the British Museum Library consist of five belonging to the Harleian Collection of MSS. No. 3,459, 3,460, 3,488, 3,513, and 3,581; two belonging to the Egerton, Nos. 932, 943; one to the Lansdowne, No. 839; and four to the general collection, Nos. 10,317, 19,587, 21,163, and 22,780. Of these codici No. 943 is considered as the CODICE BRITANICO, *par excellence*, and along with its companion codice No. 19,587, is not allowed to migrate beyond the Manuscript department; all the others can be obtained in the Reading Room. Of the five hundred codici and upwards of the Divina Commedia found in European libraries, probably not more than three hundred and fifty have the poem complete; in the others some portion, or perhaps the whole, of one or more cantiche may be wanting.

These codici vary in form and bulk, from a large and cumbersome folio to a small and slender octavo, or even less, but the more general form is that of a moderate folio. The larger ones are mostly those on vellum with numerous illustrations, or illuminations, and usually with an accompanying commentary, frequently written in smaller characters surrounding the text, and which thus appears as if set in a framework of very neat writing. Those with the commentary of Buti are thus found.

Codici are either entirely without notes, though this is rather rare, or they have very short ones, *postille*, either in the margin, or over the lines; or they have longer ones at the foot of the page, or a complete commentary, perhaps exceeding the text in extent. Frequently *varianti* are found in the margin, or over the text, and may be of the same period, but occasionally of all subsequent periods.

The Commentaries met with *in extenso* are usually those of Jacopo della Lana, of the Ottimo, of Benvenuto da Imola, and of Francesco di Bartolo da Buti; or they may be selections from these with some few additional particulars. The early codici are generally on parchment, but some

few are on a soft and yellowish paper. The styles of writing of these codici may be reduced to five distinct varieties: the Gotico-Italiano, the mezzo-Gotico, the mezzo-Gotico-tondo, the mezzo-tondo, and the tondo.

To one or other of these characters the writing of all codici may be referred. Our Museum codici afford examples of most of these: the Egerton Codice, No. 943; the Harleian, 3,488; and the Cod. of the general collection, 19,587, and also No. 21,163, have the Italian-Gothic character, which is somewhat less angular than the German and English. Of the *mezzo-Gotico* there is no good specimen; but two of the *mezzo-Gotico-tondo*, as the Egerton Cod. No. 932, and the Cod. 22,780, formerly the Antaldo Codice. Of the *mezzo-tondo* there is a very noble specimen, and most characteristic, the Lansdowne Codice No. 839; the Harleian No. 3,513 belongs to this class, and so does the Cod. 10,317, though in this there is a tendency to the Gothic character in some of the letters; so also Cod. 3,460. Of the *tondo* the Museum contains two remarkable specimens, Nos. 3,459 and 3,581. The nomenclature here proposed was suggested by that of Batines, who uses these words in a very unsystematic manner. The *mezzo-Gotico* is a character in which the Roman or Italian element is introduced; and when the letters are more rounded, especially the tops and tails of b's and d's and g's, then it becomes *mezzo-Gotico-tondo*. When the Gothic character is wholly, or almost entirely, eliminated, then the writing becomes *mezzo-tondo*, the letters preserving a general squareness of form. The *tondo* is the rounded character, as seen in the 16th century, and sometimes before, with at times a Gothic tendency in its capital letters, a variety which, if it required to be specified, might be named the *tondo-mezzo-Gotico*. The *tondo* degenerates into a scribble, often very difficult to decipher, and then becomes a worthless scrawl. Codici in this style are not worth notice. I remember seeing one in the library at Poppi in the Casentino; they are mere careless copies from printed texts.

The more costly codici are those which have been written by professed scribes, when calligraphy was an honourable calling, though not a learned profession, and have been ornamented by the best miniaturists of the age; such is the Codice Urbino of the Vatican Library, No. 365, the most splendid I know of. It is a large and handsome folio volume of two hundred and ninety-six vellum leaves, and has upwards of one hundred beautiful and elaborately-executed miniatures or illuminations, commonly ascribed to Giulio Clovio, but which are in fact by two different artists; those up to the 21st Canto of the Purgatory, inclusive, being in a very careful but somewhat insipid early manner, that reminds one of Mantegna in his more minute and fanciful pencilling; but after this the style is bolder and more modern, has a certain resemblance to that of Taddeo Zuccheri, and is very gay, with much prettiness. At Canto 10 of the Paradise the original manner re-appears, but for only one canto. Batines calls the writing of this codice *tondo*; it would be more correctly called *mezzo-tondo*; great care has been taken with the text. In general, however, in reference to the correctness of the text and the readings, those codici are the most valuable which have been written out by students of the Divina Commedia for their own use, or as a pious exercise: as the very important codice in the library of the Prince Barbarini, No. 1,535; the codice at Paris, written by Bettino di Pila, and that in the library of Mr. Seymour Kirkup, written by the same hand. In copies without miniatures we often find arabesques, or ornamental borders, at the beginning of each cantica, or at least to the first page. Generally the first verse of each cantica has an ornamented initial, and often the first verse of each canto, with, most commonly, a *rubric*, or title in red, and not unfrequently the first letter of each *terzina* is marked with red or blue. Sometimes a table of contents precedes the poem; more frequently we find the capitulo of Messer Bosone da Gubbio, consisting of sixty-four ternaries and one verse, and beginning—

Pero che sia più fructo e più dilecto;

it is usually followed by the capitulo of Jacopo di Dante, of fifty-one ternaries and one verse, beginning—

O voi che siete del verace lume.

We also sometimes find, at the end, the three capitoli of Boccaccio explanatory of the poem; and occasionally a much longer composition, in eleven capitoli, or cantos, attributed to Mino Vanni d'Arezzo, and also, by some, to Jacopo di Dante, and even to Petrarca, which is absurd. The "Credo" of Dante occurs at times, also his epitaph at Ravenna, and a notice when he died. Lastly, there is the date when the codice was written, the name of the scribe, and a pious expression of thanks to Christ or the Blessed Virgin, or to both, for the happy termination of the writer's labour.

H. C. BARLOW, M.D.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Manchester understands business; and we expect to find all the arrangements for the Meeting of the British Association in that city perfect. The Meeting opens next week. Mr. Fairbairn will deliver the inaugural address on Wednesday, and the Sectional work will open on Thursday morning. The usual *soirées* and excursions will take place. There will be one night with telegraphs, another with microscopes. Prof. Miller, of King's College, will explain the new Spectrum Discoveries. Prof. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, will describe the solar eclipse of last year. A new and a pleasant feature in the proceedings will be the night with the Field Naturalists. If the Manchester naturalists produce as fine a show as that of their Liverpool brethren in St. George's Hall, they will add very much to the popular attractions of the week. A number of extensive and important Exhibitions have been prepared. Some are confined to the *Soirées* given in the Free Trade Hall, where 3,000 persons can easily be accommodated, others permanent Exhibitions, in various localities, and open to the Members and Associates during the week. Of the *Soirée* Exhibitions, we may mention that on Thursday, the 5th, the Microscopic Section of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester intend to exhibit 150 microscopes, which will be arranged to show a series of illustrations, from the simplest to the most complicated form of organized structures. A permanent Exhibition of Telegraphic Apparatus is also being collected, and will be the first one of the kind ever brought together. In this, the earliest and nearly all the latest forms of Electric Telegraph will be found. This Exhibition is to be transferred to the Free Trade Hall, on the evening of Saturday, the 9th, when the two Great Telegraphic Companies will bring their wires into the Hall, in communication with many towns in Great Britain and several of the Continental Cities, and will place the wires at the disposal of the members during the evening. Another interesting collection, illustrative of the enormous extent and range of the chemical manufactures of the South Lancashire district, has been also arranged. Immense blocks of alum, weighing many hundredweight, and cakes of sal ammoniac, eight feet in diameter, as well as the more delicate chemical preparations, have been liberally promised by the manufacturers. A Photographic Exhibition will also be open to the members, in which the history of the art will be especially represented. The city has been from of old famous for its good cheer; and we understand that most of the guests will be quartered at hospitable boards. The minor details have been well prepared by the Local Committee; and, most of all, perhaps, in regard to fares and travelling. The railways connecting Manchester with London, as well as with the great towns in the north of England and of Scotland, have been induced to grant passes to Members of the Association, in and out, at a single fare—an arrangement which will be profitable to the visitors and, we hope, to the railway companies. A similar arrangement has been made with the Dublin, Glasgow and Belfast steamboat companies. A very large company is expected to assemble in Manchester; and very great interest is expected to develop itself in the Mechanical Section. Amongst the excursions proposed is a

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*Fle Champêtre*, at Worsley, liberally offered to the Members of the Association by the Earl of Ellesmere. Others to the Chemical and Glass Works of St. Helen's, under special charge of gentlemen interested in those subjects; to Messrs. Knowles and the deep coal pit at Dukinfield; to the copper mines at Alderley Edge, and to a very large number of the Mills and Works peculiar to Manchester, are promised.

The British Museum will be closed to visitors for the usual autumnal week, from Monday next, September 2, until the following Monday. During the week, improvements will be made in Prof. Owen's Department, so as to include the Gorilla specimens recently acquired. The mosaics from Carthage, some of which are very beautiful, and all interesting to the archaeologist, will be arranged for public exhibition. Additional catalogues will be placed in the Reading Room.

In the list of subjects for prizes proposed by the Institute of Civil Engineers is that of Railway Accidents. The theme is certainly open. An accident, which has been as fatal to life as an American battle, has suddenly drawn attention to the system; and a cry of anger and despair has arisen from more than a hundred bereaved families against the companies whose greed of traffic and whose defective arrangements of breaks and signals have led to this destruction of life and mutilation of limb. The Brighton Company is the one immediately at fault; but the lessons of the accident are for all the companies alike. It would be well for the public—and for the railways—if the companies showed a more lively disposition to meet the necessities of the case. But the accident seems to have struck the railway mind in a very odd way. On the day following the first inquest on the mangled bodies of their victims,—and while the Coroner and his jury were engaged in taking evidence, the railway people held a meeting in the city—to devise what? A safer system of signals? Some means of promptly relieving the sufferers? Not at all. Nothing so romantic and so charitable occupied their thoughts. They met to devise some means of escaping from the compensation claimed and awarded in our courts of law for injuries sustained by the public on their lines! A report of their meeting reads like a grim and ghastly pleasantry. The agonized sufferers, lying near London Bridge, were to them not objects of pity and tenderness, but of terror and aversion. They heard afar off the chink of their gold as it departed from their coffers to the houses of mourning and of death. And they met to confer and to protest against the possibility of being held in penalty for their neglect. The very magnitude of the injuries which it appears that they are in the yearly habit of inflicting on life and limb was paraded to this meeting as a reason for reducing by law the amount of compensation that could, under any circumstances, be demanded from railway companies. One company, we were told, paid last year for its killed and wounded no less than 80,000*l.*, exclusive (mark you!) of the expenses incurred in contesting the claims and in repairing the broken carriages and the damaged way. Surely, it is hard to pay so much! Thunderbolt complains that some of the people whom he eats disagree with him, and he has to pay his doctor for a box of pills. It does not seem to have been suggested to these railway shareholders that they would reduce their liabilities, if they would take means to reduce their collisions.

The Members of the Somersetshire Archeological and Natural History Society have been holding their Thirteenth Annual Meeting during the week at Langport, under the Presidency of R. N. Grenville, Esq. The Congress lasted three days. A Temporary Museum was opened at the Council Room, and the Members made excursions to Muchelney, Kingsbury Episcopi, Shepton Beauchamp, Pitney Church, Roman Remains at Pitney, Athelney, and other places.

The Austrian Government has intimated that the period fixed upon as the birth-time of "Modern Art" will be 1784 in that country, the date of Heinrich Füger's admission to the Academy of Vienna.

We do not object to any theological contemporary

reprinting our articles, even as specimens of "that literary liberalism which is sapping the foundations of faith." Their foundations are so well sapped already, that if there had been none stronger, faith would have been a thing of the past long ago. But, we do object to their changing our typography, and making us—as Martin of Galway said—speak in Italics because they want emphasis. High Churchmen should not imitate Victor Emmanuel, who wants to change a Roman See into an Italic capital. But our greatest objection—though no bishop would share it—is their translating us from a small c to a large one. Any ecclesiastical blunder will be sure to be given to us: nobody will suppose it to be a clerical error of their own. They make us talk about the "extra-Cathedral discussions" of the clergy. Do they think that when the Pope speaks *ex cathedra*, he speaks from a Cathedral? Do they not know that every preacher has his *cathedra*, *chaire*, or *chair*,—this last word being sometimes used in Scotland, though we in England call it a *pulpit*? Are we to tell them that the Cathedral is so called because it is the *ecclesia cathedra* of a Bishop, the church of a chair? And that *cathedra* means nothing but a seat or chair? If we must tell these things, we must.

A Pedestrian, one of many who are making excursions through these islands, guide-book in hand, wishes to say a word on the importance of Guides giving distances on the roads correctly:—

"Walcott's 'Guide to the Coast of Sussex,' which I happen to have in my pocket, is careless on this point (p. 168). 'The road from Battle to Bexhill, three miles, passes through Bulverhithe.' Now I found, to my inconvenience, that these places are six miles apart by the direct road, which does not pass through or near Bulverhithe. Again (p. 170), 'The road to Pevensey, nine and a half miles from Hastings,' &c. The railway distance between Pevensey and Hastings, by a line almost absolutely straight, is nearly eleven and a half miles, and the distance by road fully thirteen miles, the cabmen call it fourteen."—It is impossible to overrate the impatience of a critic who, in August, in a long walk along the Sussex coast, under a burning sun, finds himself deceived by his Guide. Walking tourists are increasing in numbers. Guide-books are in demand. The compilers, if they would please their public, must remember the walker as well as the rider. The road is again coming into use, and an increased attention must be paid to the matter of distance. Three or four miles in a walk are of some importance; and no guide-book to an English county, should its literary merits be as great as that of Ford, will have any chance of popularity which does not give exact measurement of the turnpike and cross roads.

The Rev. A. J. D. D'Orsey, one of the Members of the Education Section of the Social Science Congress, thinks our Dublin Correspondent of last week rather hard upon the doings of that Section. We have looked through the files of Dublin daily papers; and we regret to say that in the detailed reports we have found only too much confirmation of the truth of our Reporter's words. It is impossible to believe that the discussions there reported can have had the effect of "peace on earth and good will to all men." The Government, it is greatly to be hoped, will pay no attention to the Congress, but will continue its firm and loyal support to the system of secular education, which is working so well.

Cheapness and uniformity are elements in success, as Sir Rowland Hill has proved, when cheapness and uniformity are applied to things required by large classes. The United Kingdom Electric Telegraph Company, struck with the result obtained by the Post-Office Department, are about to adopt its system. The rate is to be 1*s.* for all messages—whether going five miles or five hundred miles.

Ten per cent. in two years is the increase of qualified candidates for trial by the Oxford Local Examiners. Such an advance is the sign of a steady and safe, if not of a very brilliant success. The certificates granted in 1859 were about 480; in 1860, about 500; this year they have reached 600 within one. These figures are, in our opinion, very satisfactory.

The restoration of the interesting round church of St. Sepulchre, Northampton, noticed by us some months ago, goes on in a satisfactory manner. The enlarged nave is nearly completed. The funds, it appears, are not sufficient to carry out Mr. G. G. Scott's designs entirely. Upon the work already done 3,100*l.* has been expended; but in order to connect the new roof with the old one,—the two being totally dissimilar—an additional sum of 250*l.* will be required to repair the old roof over the chancel. The architect would, however, prefer to construct an entirely new roof, to harmonize in style with the new buildings—this would cost 1,000*l.* A great effort is to be made to raise this sum. A public meeting will be held shortly to consider means to raise the funds in request. The plan for the completion of the whole of the restorations is that the old round church should be restored and used as a vestibule, and an enlarged church built on the site of the old nave and aisles. The numerous population of the parish in which this church stands demanded increased accommodation. The round church, when restored, is destined to form a memorial to the late Marquis of Northampton.

LAZARUS, COME FORTH! By DOWLING.—This work, pronounced by the first critics to be the finest Scripture Picture of the age, is NOW ON VIEW at Betjemann's, 25, Oxford Street, W.—Admission, 6*d.*; Fridays and Saturdays, 1*s.*

## SCIENCE

*Four-and-Twenty Views of the Vegetation of the Coasts and Islands of the Pacific; with Explanatory Descriptions taken during the Exploring Voyage of the Russian Corvette "Senjavin," under the command of Captain Lutke, in the years 1827, 1828 and 1829.* By F. H. von Kittlitz. Translated from the German, and edited by Berthold Seemann, Ph.D. (Longman & Co.)

THE translator and editor of this volume says these Views have been so much admired upon the Continent by botanists and artists, that the work is already out of print. He translated it from the last copy which could be procured. Herr von Kittlitz himself supplies us with the particulars, which we abridge, respecting the origin of his work. When the Russian corvette *Senjavin* was preparing to leave St. Petersburg, the botanists of that capital suggested the advantages which might be obtained by taking as many sketches and making as many pictures as possible of vegetation. Deeply interested in this suggestion, he carried it out by conceiving in his mind a series of pictures, from which these Views may have borrowed their form. The features of the vegetation of the country he visited were constantly before his eyes, whilst he was following his occupations as a sportsman and collector of zoological specimens. During the stay of the *Senjavin* at anchor before each place, he generally succeeded in constructing a landscape of the geological aspects of the scene, and in introducing into his sketch portraits of the larger plants. Immediately after the departure of the vessel, and while his impressions were still vivid, and he had nothing to look at but sea and sky, he generally executed a rough draft. The mistakes of the artist were corrected by the botanist of the expedition, Dr. Mertens. Anxious to secure accuracy of portraiture above all things, Herr von Kittlitz engraved the copper-plates himself, rather than entrust them to an engraver, who might have sacrificed correctness and exactitude by working for elegance and effect. Characteristic foliage, and large masses of vegetation, must have been seen in nature, as he observes very justly, by the artist, who would merely copy a drawing of them without utterly spoiling it, to say nothing of rendering it in quite a different manner. No artist, however able as a landscape-painter, can ever render, without having seen them, the



shadows of a tropical forest, or the freedom peculiar to the small branches of the shrubs and trees, of regions suffering neither from cold nor from sudden changes of temperature. Under the thick and widely-spread foliage of trees which nowhere allows the sky to be seen, there is at every time of day a surprising amount of light which, by scattered, reflected, and broken solar rays in a thousand directions, reaches the lower vegetation. Freedom from sudden changes of weather produces a peculiar appearance of trellis-work, a feathery foliage, elegant and delicate, which seems as if floating in the air. No doubt, the broken light of the tropical forests and the aerial freedom of the tropical foliage must be seen to be rendered with that truth compared with which artistic treatment is a minor consideration.

"The gravest fault of the present publication," says Herr von Kittlitz, "will doubtless be the poverty of the accompanying botanical remarks;" and they are, we must admit, very unsatisfactory and meagre. The cause of this defect is the unfortunate death of Dr. Mertens, who did not live to write the letter-press, for the composition of which he had collected materials and made observations. It was well his loss did not prevent the publication of the work. Dr. Berthold Seemann, the English editor, tells us he has freed the text from much ambiguity, and endeavoured to mend the defects of the letter-press, "as much as lay in his power."

Plant life is an effect of heat and moisture. In the climates where there is but little heat, plant life is represented by a crust of lichens on the rocks, and in the tropical climates by luxuriant vegetation, from the coral reefs of the shores up to the mountain tops, the palm form being the type of the climate. Vegetation spreads from the tops of the mountains to the depths of the ocean, wherever there is heat enough to animate its structures. And deserts occur both from cold and heat,—where the spores cannot find heat enough to stimulate germination, and where the seeds cannot find moisture enough to sustain their life. Very lofty mountains in hot countries exhibit, it has often been remarked, an epitome of the vegetation of the globe. But this is true only as a very vague and general conception, for the similarity of the vegetation is less striking than its diversity and variety. There is but little similarity between the vegetation of Europe and the vegetation of the Straits of Magellan, notwithstanding the correspondence of their latitudes. No doubt, there are a number of species which are found wild in both the Arctic and the sub-Antarctic circles; but the difference of conditions, and the mixture of plants appertaining to different climates, produce great diversity in the botanical physiognomy. The oaks and firs on a mountain in Mexico, 8,000 or 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, may recall Europe or North America; but it is only, says Herr von Kittlitz, to give greater prominence to its yucas and fourcroyas. Longitude also produces new and different pictures. Passing over the differences due to local circumstances, such as deserts, steppes, and swamps, longitude alone produces differences. The range of the species is often not sufficient to occupy the whole longitude of the zone:—

"Thus, in consequence of the spherical shape and position of our earth, continually increase, with the temperature of the climates, not only the capabilities of vegetation and the number of species of each country, but also the space; so that the principal character of the vegetation, as imparted by the different climates, may obtain full play to divide into numerous variations longitudinally defined. The so-called region of palms, the longitudinal range of which is the most extensive, would seem to be

on that account the richest in species as well as in peculiar features. How interesting would prove the contrast between three views representing respectively an East Indian, an African, and an American virgin forest, as nearly as possible having the same soil and climate! Without doubt there would be in all three much physiognomic resemblance, notwithstanding the total difference of their component elements! What in the one would only be indicated, would in the other have obtained full development. Thus climbing plants play a more important part in the physiognomy of the Indian jungle than in that of the American forest, whilst the latter enjoys the advantage of harbouring a greater number of strange and beautiful epiphytes."

The plants most characteristic of American vegetation are the epiphytes, no doubt; but Herr von Kittlitz uses the word in a wider sense than is generally understood among botanists. By epiphytes botanists generally understand plants growing upon the stems and branches of trees without penetrating their tissue, as the mistletoe grows upon oak and apple trees. Plants of the same species growing upon the old stumps of trees when converted into vegetable mould are not epiphytes. They are, however, most striking features of the vegetation of the climates in which they occur; for example, in the underwood and swamp of the island of Sitka, upon the west coast of America, in the latitudes 57° and 58° north. In these latitudes there are no trees upon the eastern side of the American continent; whilst on the western side the sea breezes making the winters comparatively mild, and the summer skies being cloudy and most days rainy, woody vegetation clothes rocks apparently naked of mould; and forests of hemlock, spruce, swamp-pine, and larch, a variety of pines, in fact, flourish luxuriantly. Old stumps are turned into vegetable mould whilst still retaining their shapes. In Plate II. Herr von Kittlitz has carefully copied—

"A fine group of two young plants which have taken root upon the undisturbed remnant of an old stump, as furnishing a good illustration of the prevailing character of growth in this region, old dead wood, already converted into vegetable mould harbouring the roots of other trees whilst it yet [still] retains its perfect shape and bark. Thus most of the plants grow epiphytically upon their own kind, a phenomenon finding a ready explanation in the prevailing moisture and low temperature of the climate, the absence of destructive insects, &c., but which may be regarded as an interesting addition to the fact that America generally produces numerous parasites and epiphytes of very diversified form."

Plate V. transports us from the umbellifers of Kamtschatka to the mangroves of the Caroline Islands, from latitude 58° to latitude 5° N. The mangrove forests cover the shores of the tropics near the equator, as reeds and bulrushes cover the margins of our inland lakes, occurring in swamps near the mouths of rivers and rivulets, which are protected from surf. The stemless nipa palm (*Nipa fruticans*) contrasts strikingly in these swamps with the true mangroves (*Rhizophora* and *Bruguiera*), rising up out of the mud upon aerial roots. The nipa palm looks like a palm all submerged except the top leaves, and the mangroves look as if, in a panic to avoid a similar fate, they were trying to get out of the water, top, stem and roots. The nipa palms never exhibit trunks above ground, for the trunks creep horizontally along the mud, throwing out numerous small roots, and dividing into several branches, the lower end decaying gradually and new roots growing continually. The roots of the mangroves, on the contrary, seem a mere scaffolding of converging props. But, singular as these peculiarities may appear, they are surpassed by the freaks of the roots of the *Sonneratia* and the *Balanopteris*. It is the *Sonneratia*, a member of the myrtle

family, which more than the mangroves gives its physiognomy to these forests. Spreading out branching stems, it rises to a considerable height above the low mangrove woods, and its foliage almost touches the water, giving the tree the appearance of a huge shrub. When they are in full vigour their dark bark contrasts finely with their pale green round leaves, and when they begin to die their trunks are covered with fine ferns. But the most singular features of these trees are the wooden pegs covered with dark brown bark rising to the height of about a foot, wherever the ground is not under water. Beyond their apparent connexion with the deeper-lying roots of the *Sonneratia*, nothing seems to be known respecting the significance of these excrescences. The roots of a species of *Balanopteris* are still more singular. Curiously shaped and widely spread, they form a kind of labyrinth, consisting of thin walls of tough wood covered with a soft smooth greyish brown bark. When one of them is struck, a hollow drum-like sound is produced, which is audible at some distance. The foliage of the *Balanopteris* is of a greyish green. Everybody knows how strangely the roots of the banyan trees issue from the stem, grow downwards, enter the earth, and then form new stems, and how the stems like certain creepers grow together when they come into contact. In a view of a swampy forest, with banyan trees, at Ualan, Plate VI., Herr von Kittlitz gives us a glimpse into a huge bower, formed by the crowns of large trees. This glimpse can be obtained where the underwood is composed of stunted trees, instead of the usual impenetrable creeper *Hibiscus populneus*. There is a singular spell about this picture. More than any other we have ever seen, it reproduces the impression of the cathedral aisles; for the study of Gothic architecture or of tropical vegetation always forces upon the mind of the student the conviction that the forms of the stones are only imitations of the forms of the trees. Not merely is the Gothic pointed arch formed by two palms and the meeting of their leaves, but the architects reproduced the general effects of the forest bowers and imitated their details very carefully, such as the suspended creepers and the hanging branches, the epiphytes, flowers and fruits.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.  
Mex. Entomological.

## FINE ARTS

### OUR ART-COLLECTIONS.

THE Report of the Committee of the House of Lords upon the manner of fulfilling the conditions of Turner's Will contains so much matter interesting to artists, that we shall make running extracts from the evidence of the various witnesses examined, quoting briefly those subjects which are of current importance. With regard to the duty of fulfilling the conditions of Turner's will, the Director stated that it was the general wish, and more especially the wish of the Trustees of the National Gallery, to fulfil them. He considered the removal of the pictures from South Kensington a departure from the obligation to do so. He considered, and other witnesses fully agreed, that a selection of Turner's pictures would be indispensable; that many were unfit for public exhibition, as being unfinished, and therefore only of interest to artists, to whom a reserve might be advantageously displayed. It was elicited that under the Act, 19th & 20th Vict. c. 29. s. 3, the Trustees were at liberty to accept portions of a bequest of pictures and return the remainder, in which case the last would fall into the residuary estate of the testator; by this Act it would seem, says Sir Charles, "that the Trustees would not have the option of setting aside the certain pictures for the purposes of study; it would appear

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that such pictures ought to go to the nearest of kin." With Mr. Ruskin the witness thought that the Turner collection would enable six separate collections of a most instructive character to be made. The next matter which arose illustrated in no small degree the progress of public taste and the growth of a sound judgment in Art. Habitual visitors to the National Gallery remember how the pictures of West, which countryfolks loyally considered as the real gems of the collection, gradually disappeared, first going on to the stair-landing, then on the stairs, thence into the hall, and, finally, how they took a dive and vanished altogether to the region below, only to reappear upon the ample walls of South Kensington. Miss Angelica Kauffmann's works followed to fit obscurity, and were not missed. These weddings were, of course, desirable and right; and the evident willingness of the Trustees to part with the two large Guidos shows how the people have learnt to prize the real above the meretricious art. Years ago the people crowded before these big pictures, were fascinated by the minauding nudities, and thought far more of an ill-drawn and clay-cold "Christ crowned with thorns" than of the "Ariadne" or the Raphaels; now the case is so much altered, that some sort of apology is thought needful for a proposition to send them to Dublin or Edinburgh, and "it would be a great relief to the Gallery" to do so. It is even said that the fact of transferring indifferent pictures to the above cities "might deter people from leaving inferior pictures, which might be rather an advantage." As to the disposal of the Turner pictures, the witness considered various courses were open, supposing it were absolutely necessary to house them in the National Gallery before the expiration of the decade after referred to. "One would be to place them in the National Gallery, removing an equivalent number of pictures to the South Kensington Museum. I should say not the Mediæval pictures, but the Dutch, Flemish, and Spanish pictures, because that would make room enough; the Mediæval might be added, if necessary, but the removal of these alone would not make room enough in the Gallery. Another course would be to place the Turner pictures in the rooms below, where many of them once were, but where they were not exhibited; the Vernon pictures were exhibited in those rooms; they were so badly placed as hardly to be visible, but still they occupied the walls of rooms in the National Gallery. If that were done, and if some were placed in such space as can be afforded in the upper rooms the legal conditions would be complied with." In the event of immediate action not being imperative, the witness would prefer the pictures should remain where they are; but he hoped this very inquiry would urge the Government to carry out what the public had been waiting for so long, namely, the erection of a New National Gallery to contain the works of the old masters, the British school and the best works of Turner. He is entirely opposed to gas in the neighbourhood of pictures, and, notwithstanding the high authorities asserting its harmlessness, he could not believe it to be so; he thought the works should be examined, to decide the question, from decade to decade, as change would be exceedingly gradual. Photographs of the cracks in certain pictures have been taken, which could be compared with the originals from time to time; not the slightest change had been observable hitherto. It would not be possible to provide a better temporary place than South Kensington for the reception of the pictures, but the more temporary it was the better. With regard to the Royal Academy vacating the National Gallery, Sir Charles did not know what arrangement is pending with the present Government, but under the last Government it was decided that the Royal Academy should be removed to Burlington House, and the members would, upon a site to be granted, erect an edifice for themselves. It would depend upon the terms offered whether the Academy would hold themselves ready to vacate on the requisition of the Government; on those above named it would certainly do so. Mr. Redgrave was examined. If it was put to him he should not exhibit in the National Gallery many of Turner's pictures which are now at South Kensington; he does not think they do Turner's fame any justice,

being in such an unfinished state that they are caviare to the multitude; there are some which would not even benefit students,—the works of one whose powers were failing. Mr. Redgrave regretted there is no exhibition of Turner's water-colour drawings. Turner was the father of water-colour art in this country, and, with a very few exceptions, there were no examples of his work in the Gallery. It would be desirable to change the works exhibited from time to time, so that they might pass successively under the public eye; with proper arrangements as to light, a series of water-colour drawings might be as safely exhibited as oil-pictures. (Mr. Wornum expressed a very decided opinion in opposition to this.) The witness was not prepared to say that they will not gradually fade, any more than that oil-pictures will not deteriorate in time; but he believed that, under due conditions, they may be preserved, and thought, taking into account Turner's fame and the impression he has made upon the world at large, it is better that one hundred thousand should see these drawings annually, than that ten thousand should see them in ten centuries. (It is well worth while for the public to give good heed to this opinion; for it is now acted upon, and may be still more so. It is opposed to all the feelings and experience of amateur collectors and the conservators of great galleries. Which party is in the right should be decided at once. We may, out of sheer heedlessness, be destroying the heritage of our children in Art.) With regard to the complete exhibition of Turner's works, and the manner in which he conceived that artist desired his will should be carried out, the witness thought he had two views—"one was that in our National Gallery there should be a tribune, or *salon carré*, in which the choice works of all schools should be gathered together; and he desired to have some of his best works in that collection: he specially named two that should be put with the Claudes. In no arrangement that can be made (I speak with deference to Sir C. Eastlake) could you place these Turners by the Claudes in a sequence of schools; they must be in a collection forming the cream of various schools." In the second place, Mr. Redgrave considered, Turner wished his works to be kept together as far as possible, in order to form a part of a British School of Art in the National Gallery. The witness was of opinion that if the powers given by the above-named Act of Parliament for the disposal of bequests of works of Art, irrespective of conditions attached thereto by the testator, were known to the latter, there would be no difficulty in dispensing with those conditions, as the Act declares, beforehand, an intention so to deal with bequests.—In reply to a question, the witness said that most deceased British artists of eminence are represented in the National Gallery—that is, if the Collections at South Kensington are the National Gallery; "but then Turner's will is carried out, because his pictures are in part of the National Gallery. Adopting this view, I consider that Turner's will is carried out; but if he wished his pictures to be in Trafalgar Square, in connexion with the Old Masters, neither his pictures, nor the other British pictures, are in the National Gallery, since they are both at South Kensington." Mr. R. N. Wornum, Keeper and Secretary of the National Gallery, was examined. Presuming it were desirable to remove the pictures now in the Kensington Museum to Trafalgar Square, he would wish to build a wing over the east side of the barrack-yard, running from the new square room contiguous to the new large gallery, which would give the space of perhaps four such rooms as the new gallery. He would propose a wing on iron pillars, giving great headway to the barracks. These rooms would not only hold the Turner Collection, but those of Vernon, Bell, and the Old English pictures. Such a work might be constructed in a few months, and would be permanent. A corresponding wing could be made hereafter, where the workhouse now stands, and the extremities of the two wings joined by a cross gallery. The gallery proposed would cover part of the barrack-yard, and be of great service to the soldiers when drilling in wet weather. By adding this wing the pictures would be better seen, as they would be more accessible to

the public at Trafalgar Square than at South Kensington. The nation possesses 362 pictures, 105 of which are finished oil pictures; the remainder contains many that are "mere botches." There are 19,000 and odd altogether, including pencil and water-colour sketches; "the mass of them are of no value whatever." The witness's opinion is, that water-colour drawings generally fade on being exposed to the light; but that pencil, chalk and sepia drawings do not fade. To exhibit all the water-colour drawings of Turner that might be exhibited would require a very large space. Turner, in one of the codicils to his will, directed the course of changing the drawings in succession to be pursued. The finest of them were exhibited for one year at Marlborough House, and withdrawn from fear of injuring them by a constant exposure to the light; these are now framed, and may be seen on application; probably twenty persons apply to do so in the course of a year; but there is really no one to show them, except myself,—and I have not time. If we are to be liable to public applications to see these drawings "I must have a curator for the purpose. 1,800 are prepared for public exhibition, if we had a place and a servant who could watch them." 400 are in frames and 1,400 mounted. If the Royal Academy were removed there might be more accommodation for the pictures than in the proposed wing, "because we should have the sculpture-room, which would be a very good room for the exhibition of these framed and mounted drawings." If the wing were built there would be room to display the water-colour drawings in frames, changing them from time to time. "I am sure they (water-colour drawings) fade, because I have often seen drawings which have faded. When a drawing has been taken out of a frame, where the frame has covered part of the drawing, the colours protected have been more intense than the part of the drawing which has been exposed to the light. You do not detect deterioration in oil pictures so readily as you do in water-colour drawings." Mr. J. Pennethorne was examined. He would not recommend a temporary building being added to the National Gallery, but a permanent enlargement, so as to comprise part of what would ultimately be a very fine building; therefore, if anything is to be done for the temporary accommodation of the pictures it ought to be done inside the present building. A permanent gallery might be completed in nine months. The witness had submitted a plan to the Chief Commissioner of Works for a further extension, and would undertake, if needful, to erect a complete and sufficient National Gallery in connexion with the present site in two years. In this plan there would be no alteration of the present building, except breaking through the two internal doorways. "There would be a great advantage in building at the back, because you need not go to much outlay for architectural ornament; but, besides that, we are, without difficulty, enabled to have recourse to all those means of lighting which a good deal interfere with the architecture of a building facing a public street. I propose to build an addition to the National Gallery, in such a manner that the ground-floor of it should be built upon columns, so that it should serve as a colonnade for the soldiers, thereby increasing their accommodation. The ground-floor of this building would not be necessary for the purpose of the Gallery, and would be valuable for the barracks. There are two passages through the building, one to the barracks and the other to Castle Street. I propose not to encroach upon the last, but to let that be the boundary of the new buildings. In doing that, I have only to take from the workhouse half its site, leaving the other half on which to re-erect the schools and parish offices, &c. The witness would begin with a gallery, 136 feet long over the barrack-yard, which would accommodate the Turner pictures. The cost of the entire building would be about 100,000*l.*; it would cover an area of 30,000 feet: that of the present National Gallery and the Royal Academy taken together, cover 20,000 feet superficial. The portion of the scheme which is considered pressing to be executed, would form a portion of the larger design, and be consistent with an alteration of the facade to the south. The witness

would undertake to build that portion required for the Turner pictures for 25,000*l.* in nine months. It would cost about 100,000*l.* to erect a similar building in the rear of Burlington House to that proposed for the National Gallery. If the Royal Academy were removed, there would be plenty of room in Trafalgar Square for all the pictures belonging to the nation; but that would be turning the Academy into the streets; they ought to be allowed two years to find a new home, even in Burlington House. The Turner Collection requires 3,500 feet of wall for exhibition.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ALFRED MELLON'S PROMENADE CONCERTS, THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN. GRAND ORCHESTRA of NEARLY 100 PERFORMERS.—Male. Every Evening. In the course of the week the following novelties will be given:—A Grand Orchestral Selection of National Airs, English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh, with Solos for the principal Performers. The New York Quadrille—New Waltz, The Warblers of the Forest, introducing a novel effect. A Mozart Night, on THURSDAY NEXT, September 5, on which occasion the First Part of the Concert will consist of Selections from the Works of that great Master; and on SATURDAY NEXT, September 7, a repetition of the Volunteer Night, &c.—Promenade, 1*h.*; Amphitheatre Stalls, 1*h.* 6*d.*; Boxes, 2*h.* 6*d.*; Private Boxes, 1*h.* and 1*h.* 6*d.*—Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

MDLLE. WHITTY will appear at the THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN, on September 18th, in 'PERITANT'; on the 18th, in 'NORMA'; and on the 19th, in 'IL BARBIERE,' with Titieni, Giuglini, Swift, Lemaire, Della Sedie and Clampi.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A monograph on the music written by women would be curious, if not instructive. Up to this time it has had no Baillie, no Hemans, no Browning,—no original genius, distinct as feminine,—the strangeness of such fact being increased by recollection that, as representative artists, such women as a Clairon, a Siddons, a Pasta, a Rachel, a Ristori, have, in individual and unprompted genius, rivalled, if not outrivalled, the most remarkable men. Let due examination of the causes of this want be left to the sisterhood who are now so honourably occupying themselves to ascertain Woman's right place and duty. Meanwhile, that the standard of excellence is perceptibly rising may be seen from a group of songs—'Morning Song,' 'The Recall,' 'Come to me, oh, ye Children,' 'Jeanie,' 'The Rose à Lyndayne,' 'Lettice,' 'Roll's Morning Hymn,' by C. A. Macrone. (Ollivier & Co.) These will bear examination, without any 'allowance' made. The first named is the most to our liking. 'The Recall,' though musically good, pleases us less: the tone of the words being too long-drawn in the setting. 'The Rose' is a quaint tune, with something of the Scotch style in it. These songs are mostly composed for a *contralto*, that voice being considered the most expressive one and best for declamation. It is time that some great *soprano* should break the spell of such exclusiveness.—'Daybreak,' words by Longfellow, 'Echoes,' words by Miss Procter, set by Maria Tiddeman (Mills & Co.), are thoughtful and well made, if not attractive by any new fancy.—Miss Gabriel's 'Maureen,' (Lonsdale & Co.) has been made popular by the singing of Madame Catherine Hayes. The melody is elegant, and the tone of Irish music caught to a certain degree.—We have next another group of songs:—'Remembrance,' 'Sacred Song,' 'How sweet in the musing, &c.,' 'David's Consolation,' 'An Aspiration,' 'A Happy Year,' 'Now thou art gone,' 'The Voice of the Grass' (for two voices), by S. A. Sheppard (Ollivier). In this the accompaniment has received more attention than the cantilena.—'Blind Alice,' 'Marion's Song,' 'The Trefoil Leaf' (Hall, Cheltenham), by the lady who signs herself 'Claribel,' are slighter wares than the above.—To close the paragraph, let us announce a quaint song, 'What is Love,' by Elizabeth Philp, 'Beautiful Bay,' by Mrs. Edward Theweneti (Addison & Co.), 'Switzerland,' Duett, by Mrs. Henry Ames (Ashdown & Parry), 'Go, lovely Rose,' once again set by L. P. (Novello),—and 'The Fountain,' by Mrs. W. D. Wilson (Lonsdale).

LYCEUM.—Mr. Falconer, who has succeeded, notwithstanding the summer weather, in attracting the public to this theatre by the indisputable merits of his new comedy, gave to the stage

another new farce on Monday, entitled 'The Fetches; or, the Onconvenience of Single Life.' The hero is played by the author. Tim O'Reilly is over-persuaded by his sweetheart, Mary Brady (Miss Lydia Thompson), who is fond of playing off practical jokes on her lover, to disguise himself as a Peep-o-day Boy, in order to frighten her young mistress's father out of his consent to his daughter's marriage. Two real robbers, however, are on the premises, and, being similarly attired, are mistaken by both for Tim's Fetches. At length, they are disabused of their superstitious fears, and, with the aid of the young lady and her lover, are in time to rescue the old gentleman from his peril. The parts were both well supported. Miss Thompson dances a jig at Tipperary fair which was exceedingly vigorous and characteristic, and commanded applause and an *encore*. We may now consider that Mr. Falconer has accomplished a very fair plant of his dramas; and we hope that his season may be profitable.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The Birmingham people have had fine weather, if not original music, for their Festival. The town has been very gay, and the listeners curious and excited. In the absence of any new feature calling for musical remark, we have only to record the fact of a Musical Festival having been held, and with an appearance of success.

The perversity of the Germans in musical iconoclasm has reached the pedestal of Weber's statue. They are now finding out that 'Der Freischütz' is "trivial" in many portions. The same people who endure the flimsy 'Stradella,' and the faded 'Haimonskinder,' are now speaking sarcastically of the want of popularity for 'Euryanthe' and 'Oberon.' The same people who swallow the recitatives of 'Tannhäuser' and the cacophonies of 'Lohengrin,'—who exalt Schumann above Mendelssohn,—who pity grandpapa Haydn, and who, among the works of Beethoven, deify Beethoven's aberrations,—are trying to cry down Weber. There is no turning back the stream of the great river Folly, but in the storm of its own violence it runs itself dry;—and then, perchance, those may be listened to who have not been swept away by the washy current, but who have rallied round the tombs of the great men with honest faith, as distinct from superstition.—'De mortuis' is a much-abused motto, but ingratitude to the dead is worse than the worst abuse of blind flattery. It is true that one weakness of Weber has given great encouragement to the new school (so called) of German opera; this weakness being a deficiency of steady constructive power, ascribable to the freaks and experiments of his crotchety master, Vogler, for the concealment of which the imperfectly taught pupil was driven into the repetition of those extreme and rejected chords, which, however permissible as a last enhancement of suspense, make a false basis for any composition. It is easy to seem original for him who "sticks at nothing." But querness and novelty are not one. It is not easy to emulate the sweetness of Weber's melodies. Better the "triviality" of the delicious opening to the 'Preciosa' overture and the admirable grace of its dance-music,—better such "triviality" as the double chorus which commences 'Euryanthe,' as Adolar's romance,—as the heroine's *bravura*, as the Hunting and the May choruses in that opera (impracticable, mainly owing to the stupendous absurdity of the *libretto*), than the deep meaning of a dozen 'Manfreds' and 'Genovevas,'—than libraries full of the psalmodes of the love-singers on the Wartburg,—whom the ungrateful countrymen of the German composer who showed Germany the way to its own folk-lore for the stage, are now exalting by comparison, with as much bad faith as bad taste.

What living concert-goer knows anything of Clementi's Duets for two Pianofortes? What amateur is there who would not desire to make their acquaintance?—A republication of them by Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipzig, is announced in the German papers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—W. W. F.—A. D. W.—J. T.—E. H. H.—F. S.—J. H.—O. W. E.—C. C. C.—T.—H. W. C.—received.

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 Printed by JAMES HOLMES, of No. 4, New Ormond-street, in the county of Middlesex, at his office, 4, Took's-court, Chancery-lane, in the parish of St. Andrew, in said county; and published  
 by JOHN FRANCIS, 20, Wellington-street, in said county, Publisher, at 20, Wellington-street aforesaid.—Agents: for SCOTLAND, Messrs. Bell & Bradfute, Edinburgh;—for IRELAND, Mr.  
 John Robertson, Dublin.—Saturday, August 31, 1861.